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THE NATION

APRIL 7, 1969 *35 cents*

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The Chicago Indictments

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RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.

Why Dissent Turns Violent

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Stockade Justice

The Army's Kangaroo Courts

KARL H. PURNELL

German Culture & the Spirit of Weimar

EDWARD T. GARGAN DAVID KLEINBARD STEVEN WARNECKE

Poems by Wolf Biermann ERIC BENTLEY

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EDITORIALS

The Nixon Rhythm

With any new President, no matter how familiar he may have been as a political figure before assuming office, the citizenry must get a sense of his rhythm, of how he leads. In the case of Mr. Nixon there are only indications so far, but these point to a cautious, indeed evasive, approach to the great problems that at present fever the country.

The President announces, for a certain day, that a portentous issue will be dealt with. Implicitly, the citizenry is given to understand that on that day definitive action will be taken, so that all men may admire the Presidential firmness and give thanks that the affairs of the nation are in strong hands. But when the day arrives, nothing is forthcoming. The press inquires and is told that a postponement has been found necessary, so that the President may benefit from sage advice not available earlier but which, after he duly weighs it, will make the decision all the more decisive. However, when the announcement comes, its substance is less compelling than the ostentatious reticence had led one to expect.

For instance, the public is concerned about campus unrest. A statement is promised. By all indications the campus revolutionaries will get short shrift from the one-time Red-hunter. Mr. Nixon has already commended Father Hesburgh's fifteen-minute ultimatum to disorderly dissidents at Notre Dame. He has conferred with Dr. Hayakawa, the militant acting president of San Francisco State College. Finally, Mr. Nixon gives the word—or rather words, about 1,300 of them. He takes occasion, he says, to make some general comments. Intellectual freedom is in danger in America and physical violence will not be tolerated. He quotes once again the most quoted line of William Butler Yeats: "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold. . . ." (And if there is anything Mr. Nixon holds sacred, it is the center.) However, it is up to each university to preserve freedom, and law and order, within its own precincts. For the rest, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare has taken appropriate action in the form of a letter to institutions of higher learning, calling attention to the law passed by the 90th Congress that provides for the withdrawal of federal support from students found guilty of violation of criminal statutes in connection with campus disorders.

It would seem that somebody—perhaps Secretary Finch—advised the President not to rush headlong into this situation. Wisely, he did not crack down on the campus militants, but merely echoed the warnings of Father Hesburgh and Dr. Hayakawa in less specific terms. He did not join two Governors, Reagan of California and Knowles of Wisconsin, who breathe fire and brimstone against the campus agitators. But neither did he deal with the causes of campus unrest. In short, the lengthy statement did very little—which in itself was probably a good thing.

The moral? It is harder to be President than to hunt down Reds.

Eisenhower

De mortuis nil nisi bonum does not apply to former Presidents of the United States. None has been wholly good or wholly bad. Harding, as Alice Longworth said, was a slob; yet it was he and not the scholarly Woodrow Wilson who released Gene Debs, invited him to the White House, and accompanied him to the front door after their talk. Grant was an honest but incompetent man fallen among thieves. Dwight David Eisenhower ranks well above these unfortunates; he also stands a notch or two higher than the nonentities who are remembered for nothing but the fact that they warmed the Presidential chair.

Of the thirty-seven Presidents, fewer than a dozen can qualify as great, and most who do so qualify held office in the early decades of the Republic. Eisenhower never had a chance to join that select company, and not only because of inherent difficulties of the office in modern times. He lacked the qualities that make for political stature: creative intellect, indefatigable application, splendor of vision. So his fame must rest on his role as the architect of Allied military victory in World War II, and that achievement he must share with George C. Marshall, Walter Bedell Smith and other American generals, not to mention the British and Russians.

Yet one feels that he was capable of greater service to his country than he accomplished. It was almost as if, uprooted from his occupation at the height of his success, he was content to be a mediocre President. Too often, John Foster Dulles led him by the nose in foreign affairs; Sherman Adams did not do comparable mischief, but Eisenhower probably relied on him excessively. Not only did Eisenhower fail to display the initiative the country has a right to expect of its Chief Executive but on at least one occasion, when Joe McCarthy vilified George Marshall in his presence, Eisenhower, under pressure from political advisers, remained silent. When numerous world figures, including the Pope, implored him to spare the Rosenbergs, he turned a deaf ear. It can hardly be said that he set American youth an example of moral courage.

With typical inertia, he sat on his hands while the Negro revolt was getting under way. No racist himself, he did not move with the times. The country has paid dearly, and will continue to pay, for the loss of those eight years.

After his relief from office, he backslid further. He missed a shining opportunity when he failed to follow up his seminal "farewell address," in which he coined his one memorable phrase—the "military-industrial complex." By inaction, he in effect canceled out his warning. One of his last public addresses, from his sickbed to the Republican convention, was a gratuitous piece of redbaiting. His support of the Vietnamese War was deplorable.

There is, however, another side—not glamorous, but not negligible either. Eisenhower probably never heard the motto which is drilled into every medical student: *primum non nocere*—first, do no harm—but for the most part he followed it in his Presidency. Exceptions included his subservience to the brothers Dulles and his clumsiness in the U-2 affair. (On that occasion his decent, if diplomatically naive, instincts were shown in his reluctance to

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A Good Life

One joins the Navy to see the world—and these days, it would seem, one joins the Army to scale the heights of corporate bureaucracy. Or is it only a coincidence? Politically, the answer is of the utmost importance. If it is really true that the officer ranks have become a talent pool for industry (as we know industry has become a talent pool for government executives), then the acquisition of modern weapons and their manufacture have become realms so interlocked that the military-industrial complex of which President Eisenhower warned has come to pass. And if it is here, it will grow, until in time it predominates over all other political forces.

Sen. William Proxmire foresees such a danger. He describes the findings of the Joint Economic subcommittee which he heads as "dangerous and shocking." There is no dispute about the facts. The Proxmire committee's study, made with the cooperation of the Pentagon and industry, shows that 2,072 retired military officers of the rank of colonel or Navy captain, or higher, are employed by the ninety-five leading military contractors. The ten biggest contractors and the number of former military officers employed by each are listed as follows:

General Dynamics	113	American Tel. & Tel.	9
Lockheed Aircraft	210	Boeing	169
General Electric	19	Ling-Temco-Vought	69
United Aircraft	48	North Amer. Rockwell	104
McDonnell Douglas	141	General Motors	17

The total of 2,072 for the ninety-five leading contractors compares with 721 who were working for the top eighty-eight leading contractors in 1959: the number has almost tripled. It strains credulity to assume that such a trend has no other cause than industry's need for managerial talent. Certainly the safeguards cited by the Pentagon and the arms manufacturers carry no conviction.

The primary directive prohibits a retired officer from selling products to his former department for two years after he retires. After that he can sell where and what he likes. And before retirement, no directive can prevent him from cultivating amicable relations with a prospective employer. Equally nonsensical is the assurance of Roger Lewis, president of General Dynamics, the largest government contractor ($2,239 million in 1968), that his company, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion and therefore he himself keeps a careful eye on such company-government relationships. General Dynamics is under suspicion 113 times.

A new feature in the situation is industrial recruitment of young military officers. Junior officers, according to Leonard Sloane in the March 17 *New York Times*, are "being wooed with almost frenetic intensity." These courtships are not pursued by military suppliers alone; companies like Chase Manhattan, Armco Steel, Continental Can, Johnson & Johnson and International Business Machines are flirting at uniforms. The movement of young officers from the services into corporate employment has assumed such large proportions that some employment agencies specialize in matching young officers to large and small corporations by sponsoring "career weekends" or

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"career conferences" in cities all over the country. One recent get-together in Washington involved 300 officers and twenty companies. The agency responsible says it has 2,800 junior officers in its active file and that its placement rate is 42 per cent, as compared with 25 per cent in campus recruitment. A side advantage, for companies like Dow Chemical, is that their recruiters are not harassed.

It may be that prescient young officers realize that a career in the armed services is not as bright a prospect as it once was. But shouldn't those who regard big armies and navies as mainstays of a country's security be shocked by this seduction of junior officers? If it were carried on systematically by Communists it would be regarded as subversive.

Daley's Revenge

The federal indictments returned in Chicago of eight policemen and eight protest leaders (see article page 422) are part of Mayor Daley's vengeful attempt to offset the effects of the Walker Report and other adverse criticism of his handling of the convention demonstrations last summer. The officers, all of low rank, have been "thrown to the wolves," for the moment at least, to create an appearance of even-handed justice. But the officers are charged only with acts of individual violence. Judge William Campbell has reserved the cases of the protest "conspirators" for his personal attention; the policemen will be tried before another judge, whose ties with Daley, if not as close as Judge Campbell's, will be close enough. In brief, the police officers have slight cause for concern. The case of the eight "conspirators" is a much more serious matter and raises issues of national importance.

One may question the tactics adopted by the demonstrators at Chicago, but the indictments are so obviously an act of planned political vengeance that such reservations are of little moment. The indictments must also be seen as part of a larger crackdown against dissenters that has been gathering momentum for some time. The reactivization of "Red" squads, the indictment of Messrs. Spock, Coffin and Goodman, and the forthcoming HUAC investigation of Students for a Democratic Society, are only a few of numerous signs that a new style of "McCarthyism" is shaping up.

The strategy in the 1950s was to intimidate individual opinion in order to prevent the emergence of an organized opposition to the cold war. This time it is not the individual heretic who will be worked over and then blacklisted. Today the opposition exists; it can be seen—in the streets, on the campuses, in the churches, even in Army posts. Vietnam, the black rebellion, the revolts on campus have greatly broadened it. The world scene has shifted. Today the opposition is much too widespread to be labeled "Communist" and attacked as such. In fact, after 1965 the opposition became so widespread and bitter that the Johnson administration was forced to proceed against it with caution; dissent, thus, had a chance to grow. Since a witch hunt of the 1950s variety would not deflect or disperse it, it must be repressed. The way to do that is to strike at the leadership of certain organizations and movements; individuals as such are no longer prime targets (see "The Honorable 'Conspirators,'" *The Nation*, July 8, 1968). But the current campaign may fail. It comes too late, too much has happened, the war is lost (at least politically), and a new generation has emerged.

For much the same reasons, Daley's vengeful campaign may boomerang. The Boss is in trouble. He is boasting more than usual and is uncommonly edgy—witness his tiff with Humphrey. The recent aldermanic elections did not add to his political capital (see *Nation* editorial, March 31). The opposition of the working press in Chicago has not contributed to his peace of mind. On a state-wide basis, such proponents of the "new politics" as Adlai Stevenson III and William Clark have mounted an effective opposition. The federal patronage spigot has been turned off.

Now the indictments will provide a rallying point for the opposition and will keep Daley in the spotlight for months to come. The defendants are men of talent and imagination; they will be ably represented and the issue thoroughly aired. Long before the proceedings are over (the cases will drag on for months), Daley will rue the day he secured their indictment. But party politics aside, the outcome of these cases may well determine how far the current repression will proceed. The issues are of major importance from the point of view both of civil liberties and civil rights. The defense will need—and clearly deserves—generous public support.

Eisenhower *(Continued from page 418)*

hide behind his subordinates. His training in the responsibilities of command did him honor in such situations.)

Then, despite McCarthy, he kept the right—or war—wing of the Republican Party under control. A crucial instance occurred at the time of the debacle at Dienbienphu, when the rightists, led by Richard Nixon, joined forces with military activists like Admiral Radford in a move to relieve the French garrison, reportedly with nuclear weapons if necessary. Although U.S. aircraft carriers were already standing off Vietnam, the President refused to intervene.

Another example of the habitual Eisenhower prudence was the quiet releashing of Chiang Kai-shek after he had been rhetorically let loose during the election campaign. Ike was uniquely in a position to impose his own caution on the military, and to slap down ardent spirits when necessary. In that respect his performance far excelled that of his predecessors. He was, in fact, the least "military" of professional soldiers. The religious tradition of the River Brethren was, perhaps, the most powerful single influence upon General Eisenhower and his brothers in their early years. According to Earl Eisenhower, the word "hate" was never mentioned in the family. "Of course," he added, "we were taught to hate evil. But you never hated people. You might get angry with them; but you never hated them."

He was popular, partly because of his modesty and other ingratiating personal qualities but mainly because he was the ordinary American, writ large but not too

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large. He had qualities that almost every American admires, and he in turn had a genuine liking for people—all kinds of people. On occasion, as in his famous Guildhall Address in London (July 12, 1945), his quite genuine feeling for people found memorable expression. These personal qualities were what we most admired in him. (See "The Ike We Like," *The Nation*, July 9, 1955.)

In commenting on Ike's performance at the Geneva Conference, in the summer of 1955, Edward Crankshaw wrote: "What he himself is defies analysis; but it is something to do with the unspeculative possession of a very exact sense of proportion and scale. He is clearly a great man, who has achieved his greatness not through the intellect, but through magnification of the most valuable aspects of ordinary sensible humanity, whose voice is so rarely heard in public places."

Strange Bedfellows

We were pleasantly surprised to read the other day, in the syndicated column of William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of *National Review*, a perspicacious attack on the oil depletion allowance. We are happy on this occasion to join our views to those of Mr. Buckley. Correction of one factual error in the column must be made, however. It is stated that without the existence of the oil depletion allowance, *The Nation* would have to fold.

If the oil depletion allowance is essential to the continued existence of any magazine, it is certainly not *The Nation*. We can think, offhand, of only one publication whose major support comes directly or indirectly from the oil business, and congratulate its editor on having put principle above profit.

The Engineers' Turn

With 160,000 members, the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers is the largest engineering society in the world. It is also one of the most enterprising. In March of each year it swamps the hotel facilities of New York and its principal exhibition hall, the Coliseum, with its international convention—mainly American, though the Japanese, British and other nationalities are represented. Companies show off their wares, and some fifty technical sessions record the progress of the electronic arts.

It is not all technical, however. Like the social scientists and the physicists, the engineers are becoming aware of the world outside their specialties. This expansion of consciousness was most sharply manifested this year in a symposium on "The Role of the Citizen Engineer in Technological Decision Making." The chairman and organizer was B. H. Manheimer of the Center for Naval Analyses, and the panelists were Rep. J. H. Scheuer, Prof. Seymour Melman and Prof. C. W. Fotis, who has connections with the Department of Defense, the University of Oklahoma and the American University. The views of Messrs. Melman and Scheuer are familiar to *Nation* readers, but Messrs. Manheimer and Fotis were no less inhibited in espousing the same generally critical line.

Representative Scheuer, who would like to be the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York, pointed out that, practically speaking, it is impossible for the average Congressman to judge the merits or demerits of new devices for which the Pentagon seeks funds. He may be voting billions for "defense," but he knows no more about what the military-industrial complex is up to than he reads in the papers.

This ignorance, however, does not extend to the powerful members who, by seniority and machine politics, head the committees that deal with military affairs. These men receive data from their colleagues in the Pentagon which, suitably processed for effective persuasion, can swing the votes of the lazy or indifferent. Nor would zeal necessarily make the difference. Such inside data, from which shrewd members of Congress might glean arguments against a defense appropriation whose chief purpose is to make work for the Pentagon and its suppliers, are deliberately withheld from the Congressional troops. There is also a generation gap; the old men who preside over the key committees keep the young men in ignorance.

Scheuer's suggested remedy is an independent agency on the order of the General Accounting Office, "equipped to unwrap for Congress the intellectual and technological aspects of the programs without owing its fealty to anybody but the Congress itself." The GAC is a helpful creature of the Congress, but its reports are usually delivered after the damage has been done. To bring all members of the Congress abreast of technological proposals, an advisory body is needed that will provide sound, impartial guidance *before* the money is appropiated.

Professor Melman pointed out that without the services of the IEEE the entire military-industrial complex would come to a standstill. As matters stand, the Pentagon and its industrial allies are lavishly served, while all other needs feed on the crumbs that fall off Dives' table. Even within industry the United States is fast sliding into obsolescence—witness the state of the machine tool industry.

Near the beginning of President Johnson's elected term, Melman went to see him and argued for a sane order of priorities. The President listened politely and then escalated the Vietnamese War. If he had followed Melman's advice, even in part, he would still be President. The worst mistake a practical politician can make is to ignore the advice of intellectuals of the kind that were heard in the political symposia of the IEEE convention.

Small Candle

The Russians have found in their State Film Archives two early D. W. Griffith films—*A Romance of Happy Valley* (Lillian Gish) and *Scarlet Days* (Richard Barthelmess)—and have donated them to the Museum of Modern Art, which is now engaged in building as complete a collection as possible of the American director's work. In return, the museum has given the Russians some early newsreels referring to events in Russian history.

This exchange of courtesies means very little in the framework of arms talks or the space race; it is only another reminder that the manners of people are invariably better than those of their governments.

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Daley vs. the Guerrilla Theatre

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.
Mr. Whitehead has recently resigned from the news staff of the Chicago Sun-Times *to complete a book on Chicago.*

Chicago

A few days before the Democratic National Convention, Thomas Foran, United States attorney for the Chicago area, griped privately about the protests planned for the week. "None of these demonstrations is going to be protected by the Bill of Rights. Dissent is constitutional only if it takes the form of the written or spoken word."

Foran's reading of the Constitution is striking. According to his analysis, the right of peaceful assembly apparently is allowed in Chicago only for things like crowding Wrigley Field to watch the Bears. For the last six months, the prosecutor has applied his interpretation of legal issues to a federal grand jury investigation into convention lawbreaking. The jury recently indicted eight protest leaders and eight Chicago policemen—and provided the bulk of Richard Daley's reply to the Walker Report on the city's police riot.

The grand jury was called by a stalwart of the Cook County Democratic organization, Chief Judge William Campbell of the U.S. District Court. He instructed the twenty-three jurors to watch for evidence of four kinds of wrongdoing: (*1*) Interstate conspiracy to incite riot, an offense covered by the 1968 Civil Rights Act; (*2*) police brutality; (*3*) wire tapping by broadcast networks; (4) provocative television news coverage.

Foran and his staff of prosecutors divided the investigation into two major parts; one to focus on the possibility of conspiracy, the other on the charges of police violence. The Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department joined the second part of the investigative work. Police brutality is an offense covered by civil rights law and a source of concern to Ramsey Clark, then Attorney General. The CRD staff that came to Chicago found the climate hostile. The FBI refused to help, as did the Internal Inspections Division of the Chicago police department. The CRD worked on its own to make a case against guilty policemen, but soon learned that Foran would act only on incontrovertible evidence. Consequently, most of the cases against policemen grow out of attacks on newsmen, where photographs clearly identify the guilty officers as they made their assaults.

Foran's standards of evidence relaxed a bit for the conspiracy cases. For indictments against the protesters, the prosecution tried to show two misdeeds: (*1*) The demonstrators made a plan to cross state lines to start a riot; (*2*) they took action to further this plan.

The prosecutor tried to document the first step by showing that prior to the convention various protest leaders held meetings in New York City, Cleveland and the Chicago suburb of Highland Park. According to information passed on to the jury, protesters talked at these meetings about demonstrations and made a lot of rhetorical statements like, "We'll take our cause into the streets of Chicago." Some of the intelligence picked up by the Red Squad of the Chicago police department is exotic. For instance, its files contain a copy of a Washington *Free Press* article published six months before the convention. The piece summarized suggested Yippie tactics for August. "Yippies plan to paint their cars like cabs, pick up delegates, and dump them off in Wisconsin," said one of the suggestions. This supposed plan to disrupt the convention ran through months of straight-faced intelligence summaries until, three weeks before the Democrats arrived, the idea was mentioned as a serious possibility in a memorandum by David Stahl, Deputy Mayor. A lot of information of this quality was given to the jury.

The government had a harder time showing that demonstration leaders took concrete steps to execute their plot. It could count on informants' testimony to link particular leaders to violent acts. However, the U.S. attorney also sought corroborating evidence from witnesses who weren't on a police payroll.

According to Phillip Moore, a Roger Baldwin Foundation lawyer who organized many defenses against convention demonstration charges, Foran's staff had to bully corroborative statements out of some witnesses. Unfriendly witnesses were called, Moore said, and questioned to draw out incriminating testimony. For instance, said Moore, the conspiracy law is so broad that witnesses could implicate themselves simply by admitting that they had been in Grant Park on a particular night of convention week. Once witnesses gave away facts like this, they were warned they could be subject to indictment and prosecution. Then they were asked to back up particular scraps of informants' testimony. Perhaps some of the witnesses decided to tell the prosecution what it hoped to hear. If they didn't, the cases against the demonstrators are going to waste a lot of tax money.

Of course, the cases against the protest leaders may well fail once they get to court, but the indictments in themselves have propaganda value. A main purpose of the grand jury investigation—to defend Mayor Daley—has already been served. The charges will be reinforced for the public by a forthcoming grand jury report, ordered by Judge Campbell. Although it probably won't be ready for several months, the report will hash out a lot of the evidence heard by the jury. Consequently, Daley's organization can win the trial by newspaper even if it later loses the court decision.

So far, however, in other cases based on convention charges, judges indebted for office to Mayor Daley seem to be upholding his position. According to figures kept by the Illinois branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, 667 persons were arrested during the convention. Of these cases, 120 never got to trial, 385 ended in convictions (only one of the appealed convictions has been reversed), and roughly 115 are still pending. Only forty-

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five defendants have won outright acquittals. These figures cover city charges. State indictments, growing out of investigation by a Cook County grand jury, have been made against twenty-four persons, and have been used to rebut the Walker Report, and an ACLU film made to counter the city's version of convention week. For instance, many of those indicted by the state are also mentioned at length by the Walker study, usually as police victims, or as parties to incidents where the report doesn't assign blame. Two girls, after accepting a city bargain to plead guilty to a minor charge, were indicted on a state charge. After the deal was made, it seems, the prosecutor's office discovered the girls had appeared in the ACLU film.

The city's rate of convictions to date is impressive. The trials on state charges haven't come into court yet, but the prosecution on these probably will be stiff, since the Cook County States Attorney, Edward Hanrahan, is trying to promote himself as a hard-boiled D.A. He is one of several heirs apparent to Daley, and works hard to please him. U.S. Attorney Foran is also concerned about his future. He is a Presidential appointee, and Richard Nixon's man will replace him in early April. However, Foran will stay on, probably as a special deputy attorney general, to prosecute the convention cases.

The defense plans, although still tentative, probably will find legal strategy bending considerably to guerrilla theatre. Six of the defendants (Tom Hayden, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman and Dave Dellinger) together cover the New Left spectrum, and all their friends are expected to turn out for the courtroom pageant. The script seems to run like this:

The defendants have cast themselves as "The Conspiracy," and most of the staff of the National Mobilization Committee will soon come to Chicago to set up headquarters. During the months before the trial (it might not come off for a full year), The Conspiracy will stage demonstrations and start community action projects. The group already has decided to join a Chicago Easter march for peace, for which this time the city has granted a permit.

During early April, the defendants will be arraigned, and defense motions will probably follow soon afterward. Since Judge Campbell assigned the eight cases to his own court, an unusual procedure, the defense would be expected to ask for a new judge or, given the climate of Chicago opinion, simply request a change of venue. But the plan now is to make all motions *pro forma* only and demand immediate trial. This move would be to catch the prosecution off guard, and to give The Conspiracy an early project around which to organize. If the trial is delayed, as the government must ask, it will amount to inviting the New Left to spend another summer in Chicago. Mayor Daley surely didn't foresee that prospect.

BONN POLITICS

MUTATIONS LEFT AND RIGHT

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.
Mr. Morris is Bonn correspondent for the Los Angeles Times.

Bonn

Is West Germany on the brink of the first really significant political change in two decades? A growing number of those whose peculiar fate it is to ponder the Byzantine politics of the lower Rhine seem to think so. The symptoms have been evident for some time, sparked by the good-natured unwieldiness of Bonn's "Grand Coalition" government of the past two years. This has been a political version of the old Charles Atlas advertisement in which two big guys, in this case the Christian Democrats (CDU) and the Socialists, ganged up to run things at the expense of the 98-pound weakling, the opposition Free Democrats (FDP).

The Grand Coalition was in itself something of a change in that the Socialists for the first time in postwar history gained a share of executive responsibility. But the CDU remained top dog in the coalition, as it has been since the establishment of the Federal Republic. In this respect, the election on March 5 of a Socialist, Dr. Gustav Heinemann, as the next President of West Germany, could mark the start of a really new course, and bring the state at last out from the shadow of the late Konrad Adenauer. He won on an unprecedented third ballot from Defense Minister Gerhard Schroeder, the CDU's candidate and the man who carried the hoary Adenauer mantle.

Heinemann is a Ruhr lawyer, a liberal, a leader of the Evangelical Church and a turncoat Christian Democrat who walked out of Adenauer's cabinet in 1950 when *der Alte* decided to go ahead with German rearmament. He won the election with the support of the Free Democrats, and it is a measure of the political strength of the parties here today that even with this, Heinemann made it by a scant six votes out of 1,023 cast by the representatives of state and federal parliaments.

Whatever joy followed Heinemann's election was tempered by the realization that, had Schroeder won, the country's top office would have been occupied for the next five years by a man put there by the twenty-two votes of the National Democratic Party (NPD), which to the East Germans and not a few others is a neo-Nazi organization. The NPD, making its first pitch on the national level, had hoped to score this small triumph by announcing well ahead that its votes would not go to Heinemann.

The NPD got into the Presidential vote by racking up small successes in state elections in seven of the West German *Länder*. It plans to put up a largish slate of candidates for the national parliamentary election on September 28, and party leader Adolf von Thadden is confident the party will get 8 to 12 per cent of the national vote. Others doubt it will overcome the 5 per cent barrier,

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Norman Mansbridge, Punch

Watch on the Rhine

which is the minimum needed to secure parliamentary recognition.

Whatever is to happen then, the flap over the NPD has been deflated by the unusual spectacle of the Socialists and the Free Democrats working hand in glove. Less than three years ago, the two parties were unable to reach agreement on a governing coalition to replace the stumbling Erhard government, which in turn led to formation of the Grand Coalition.

Today, circumstances appear quite different. The FDP faces slow extinction as a party if the Christian Democrats ever succeed in pushing through electoral changes which would work against parties like the Free Democrats (and the NPD as well). Critics say the FDP's vote for Heinemann was a vote for party survival, and in fact the Socialists have since said that they would not support an electoral reform in the current legislative session.

At the same time, the FDP has been trying to get away from its reputation of being a curious amalgam of old-fashioned German liberals and free-wheeling industrialists. It has been stressing new faces and new ideas, and portraying itself as the party which could break the cold-war impasse of German politics, notably the unsatisfactory relationship with East Germany.

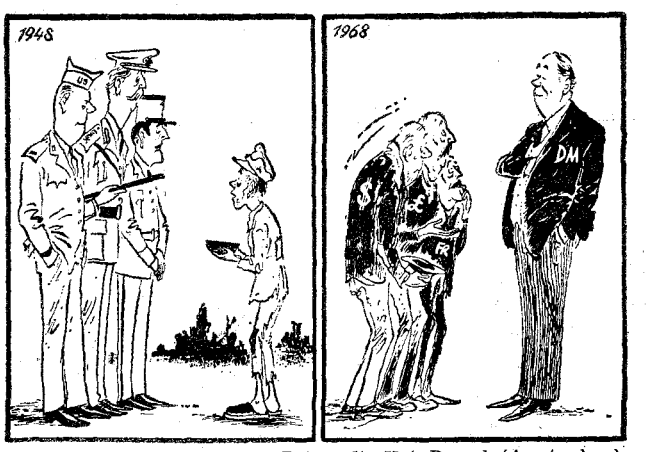
Thus the FDP-Socialist cooperation in the Presidential balloting is seen by many as the first sign of a West German opening to the left. If both parties can maintain or improve their current positions in the September general election, the CDU might find itself playing the role of loyal opposition for the first time in twenty years.

This prospect is still highly speculative. The CDU might well raise its 48 per cent of the total vote four years ago to an absolute majority and be able to rule alone. Or the NPD may do as well as it promises, taking votes from the Socialists just as George Wallace took some of the blue-collar vote from the Democrats. The latter possibility would leave the Socialists and Free Democrats with less than a parliamentary majority and put the FDP in the dilemma of returning to a "small" coalition with the Christian Democrats or seeing them rule with the tacit assent of the NPD.

Despite the doubts and reservations, the prospect of a German move to the left has stirred ripples on the normally placid pond of Bonn politics. The student unrest, de Gaulle's continuing sabotage of that dream of the fifties, the European community, and the apparent retrogression to Stalinist cold-war policies in Eastern Europe have all contributed to the feeling here that old politicians with old formulas cannot meet the demands of today and tomorrow. By its very nature, the Grand Coalition ended up supplying big parliamentary majorities for the lowest common denominator of legislation upon which the Christian Democrats and the Socialists could agree. Pressing issues upon which the parties differed were pigeonholed.

The Free Democrats have spotted this flaw in the coalition, and have launched a massive publicity campaign to portray themselves as the fresh young party. In this they may have been helped by the defection of some of the more reactionary elements who could not bring themselves to vote for a Socialist as President. Thus the FDP appears to be shedding its right wing and extending its left. The Socialists have been moving in the other direction for years; they long ago dropped the few remaining traces of revolutionary ideology and set out to win the bourgeoisie. They see their participation in the government during the past two years as the final step in establishing a respectable image to replace the old and outmoded Marxist one.

How the voters see these mutations won't be known until September 28. It is widely agreed that the Socialist party leadership has proved that it has executive talent fully capable of directing the country. In this respect, the talk is less of the party leader, Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister Willy Brandt, than of the brilliant, professorial Economics Minister, Karl Schiller. Brandt's image has been not so much damaged as dimmed by the necessity to work within the lines of a consensus government. Schiller and that old bogyman, Bavarian Christian Social Union leader and Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

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an odd couple if ever there was one, have emerged as the stars of the present regime.

They are given credit for the coalition's one major accomplishment, which was to stop a mild recession two years ago and get the country booming again. Both played key roles in last November's international monetary crisis, when the Germans refused to knuckle under to weighty international pressure to revalue the mark upward. For the past twenty years Bonn has given way when muscle was applied, and the obstinacy of Schiller and Strauss made them into national heroes in the Federal Republic, which for twenty-five years had none. There were even rumors that Schiller would replace Brandt as the Socialist candidate for chancellor in the forthcoming elections.

The present Chancellor and CDU leader, Kurt Georg Kiesinger, stands in a similar position to that of Brandt. The suave, silver-haired Schwabian, who beat out Schroeder in the battle for the succession to Ludwig Erhard, disappointed party regulars during a conference last year by hinting that he would like to see the present coalition continued. He lost a personal battle to keep the party from nominating Schroeder for the Presidential job, and his public image is anything but helped by the one-woman crusade of Beate Klarsfeld, the German wife of a radical French journalist, to keep alive the memory that Kiesinger was a high-ranking official under the Nazis.

Both Kiesinger and Brandt suffered from the inept handling of the latest Berlin "crisis," which started with Communist protests over the holding of the Presidential election in Berlin. The West Germans tried to make a deal with the Soviets behind the backs of the East Germans, but it was such an open and clumsy ploy that the Russians —whatever their original intent—had no choice but to back the Ulbricht regime.

The Germans kept talking about a *Nervenkrieg,* but in fact the Communists were playing cat and mouse with them. The whole minuet accomplished little except to increase the insecurity of the 2 million West Berliners.

That sort of performance, plus the coalition's inability to act on such key but divisive issues as extending the statute of limitations for war criminals, will provide plenty of material for the election oratory ahead. The Free Democrats, as the party in opposition, are in the best position to mount a campaign for more decisive leadership. Turning this into votes is another thing, particularly with the economic boom continuing and—if the public opinion polls can be believed—no great popular discontent with the way the present government is working.

Nevertheless, if the FDP and the Socialists can only hold their own on September 28, there is a good chance that West Germany will have a new and totally different government next fall, to go with the new Socialist President who takes office on July 1. And Konrad Adenauer's party will get its first taste of loyal opposition.

WHY DISSENT TURNS VIOLENT

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer is professor of English at San Diego State College. He is the author of The Literary Rebel *(Southern Illinois University Press), and of books on D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller and Herman Melville.*

The current style of dissent tells us much about our society. Most of the active peace movement now consists of poignant resistance and bitter illegality. Student rebellions seem to find essential, harsh intransigence and even some physical coercion. The stance of black militants becomes more chauvinistic, with gestures of cathartic violence. Increasingly, dissidents display the compensations of wildly revolutionary demands and rhetoric. Therefore, conservatives can smugly excuse themselves and moderates frown on obstinacy, cluck over extremism, and quite deplore the metaphoric disruptions. Invectives, such as "Fascist" and "thug," now come from the political middle as well as the poles. We should try to understand the desperation which accelerates these responses. To the dissenters, a phony war of genuine viciousness, the cruel condition of the under classes, and the unnecessary rigidities and indoctrinations of our institutions, continue much as before. Changes appear painfully small, repressions more righteously exacting, community ever less evident, and most dissent, like our characteristically fancy and misleading packaging, quite disposable.

Open institutions must really presuppose that criticism will not only be accepted but understood, that protest will not only be allowed but responsively answered, that resistance to abuses will not only grow but modify the conditions. Frequently, these humane suppositions do not fit the present institutional reality of the United States. Current opposition expresses the resulting disenchantment, and we speak not to it, or to the issues, when we lament its disruptiveness and illiberality. Better, instead, criticize our driving of sensible dissent into raging defiance.

There are several reasons today why dissent can so often be shucked off. The explanation most popular among dissenters themselves is "co-optation." Some of the history of the idea appears obscure, but I can trace relevant usage back through some studies of the 1930s New Deal reforms and the recognition that efforts made then for more democracy and social justice sometimes ended by strengthening the old exclusions and injustices. Apparently by extension, there developed the main contemporary sense of "co-opting" as the taking over of radical programs and people by those they criticize, thus disarming the criticism without making the changes.

The language of New Left critiques of war, racism, bureaucratization and false elites spreads with peculiar speed. In sly self-protection, it is said, authorities adopt the gestures of change but not the substance. I would suggest a less nefarious process—the simple filling, by use

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of radical terms, of a moral vacuum in the thought and feeling of middle-class culture. Anyway, even more drastic examples of radical absorption seem widespread. (I cite only cases I personally know.) A black militant against ghetto exploitation is now a salaried, and controlled, specialist in putting down riots. A rebel against union autocracy finds himself a favored nominee for a middling position in that bureaucracy. A persistent critic of a university administration's authoritarian behavior now chairs a committee to rebut his own criticisms. An ameliorative dove administers an essentially hawkish foreign program, recently rephrased in the rhetoric of peace. A radical submits to a moderate editor a strong blast against his views; after some rewriting, it becomes the editor's boasted badge of liberality. A revolutionist is politely packaged into an artificial symposium, thus doing honor to the principle of opposition without allowing him to say much. More generally, any sharp criticism which attracts sufficient attention seems to become, after dilution and bottling, some governmental or corporate or media project. Such take-overs denature dissent while providing illusions of change.

Co-opting can make the critic a self-interested part of the thing he criticized. Such engagement assuages his, and many others', guilt about commitment and action. More diabolically, the ex-critic becomes the focus for any new criticism. Few things serve bureaucracy better these days than a Young Turk grown old in authority, or a harsh black paling into officialdom. Our exalted "problem-solving" approach to social and political issues inevitably narrows down to ornate manipulations to keep things as they are. As part of the new American sophistication, many, many things can ostensibly be tolerated—almost anything except real intellectual and moral passion for change; that gets labeled "intolerance." Our bland accommodations require castration of dissent.

To call all of this co-optation may abstractly explain too much, thus explaining away. For much of this goes beyond any specific absorption of dissent to the processing basic to our culture. American consumption, whether of scientific technology, exotic art or attempts at social change, follows a pattern of imitation, simplification, mass production, mislabeling, advertising and peddling. Expensive "peace" jewelry, overpaid "protest" singers, and high-profit "psychedelic revolution" notion shops are wry examples of the denaturing process. We market silliness and bitterness with equal facility. When the medium for this becomes the only message, and the packaging the only poetry and politics, exploitative processing controls all. Wrap your moral criticisms and humane compassions in the usual ways, properly mislabeled, and they will be taken up, mostly to be discarded.

Apparently far more dissident material than in the past can today be processed into fad and fashion for the profit and titillation of the nondissenting. As with most fads and fashions, the final response is contempt. This applies to people as well as to things. A good many well-known "radicals" seem to be products of American "success," the sad results of processing. Stylish rebels become compulsive marketeers of the *frissons* of defiance, when they don't end as comfortable advisers to administrators for dealing with other dissenters (an expanding profession), or as impotent house yappers to provide a little variety amidst the purring of the fat cats. No need to name them. Many of the critics of culture and society that come to mind will fit the description; after all, how else would they arise so readily to our processed awareness? The sell-out is nothing new; but, as is emphasized in most theories of co-optation, the eagerness to buy is peculiar to our time and ways of exploitation. Aristocrats, it is reported, retained a revolutionary friend, just in case; we debasingly process radicals just so there won't be any need.

Perhaps one should suspect the fashion for charges of co-optation in place of the old-fashioned invective against selling out. Can they be so easily taken over if they are truly radical? You and I, too, would much rather admit to being co-opted than to being opportunists. When our efforts get processed into ineffectiveness or serving their opposites, perhaps we should partly blame ourselves. I don't wish to deny all validity to the idea of co-optation, but to suggest that explanations of co-opting can themselves become ways of co-opting, of unauthenticity about criticism and change. We should also emphatically note that only *some* kinds of dissent, and dissenters, get co-opted. In spite of the era's urbane adaptiveness, ignoring and repressing the unpleasant have not gone altogether out of fashion. Still, we must also agree that there are new and complex ways of disposal. I suggest that American processing, or counterfeiting, provides a better name than co-optation for our cultural game.

However we describe it, the standardizing treatment weakens and corrupts efforts at criticism and change. Quite justified reactions against co-opting and processing intensify the exasperation of dissent. Desires to avoid such treatment push styles of protest and ways of dissidence into frenzied manners and extreme position taking. Only thus, it is often felt, can one guarantee sincerity. The wildest talking revolutionary I ever met triumphantly rejected all qualifications by repeatedly shouting, "They can co-opt you but not me!"

But co-opting, as its current cliché usage on the Left suggests, confuses much of what happens to dissent in America. It frequently assumes that those in power consciously neutralize the critical and threatening by taking them over. Rarely, so far as I can find, does any such conspiracy exist. Conscious co-opting would be inherently unlikely. That would take intense self-consciousness, the will and awareness to recognize the limits of one's own system and therefore to put on the protective coloration of opposing programs and people. Most Americans, and especially those in positions of power and authority, still try very hard to believe in what they do. Only faith, not perception, can provide social justification for most work these days. Shockingly, even the media men seem finally to believe in the value and intelligence of their activity.

The president of the United States Steel Corporation has been quoted as saying that the answer to "campus

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Brickman, Washington Star

unrest" is "more Boy Scout training." This characteristic executive remark seems to be as sincere as it is stupid. Even the administrators of cultural bureaucracies—universities, foundations, research centers, etc.—do not intentionally give homes to dissent. They sincerely believe that the peculiar and troublesome, unlike themselves, do not deserve place and protection. And they rightly suspect that those who occasionally trick them into principled behavior or radical sympathies lack proper identification with the institution as such, which poor creature must be defended above all. What a sweet sense of confirmation of their bureaucratic mission they must feel when a feared dissident turns out to be thoroughly housebroken. When they select what looks to be a dissenter, they are not taking over or taming a revolutionary but shrewdly recognizing the Boy Scout inside. They will buy and encourage that hidden conformist, but not the institutionally unfaithful other.

Liberal-radical sensibility, including that developed from the "oppositional culture" of modernism in art and literature, repeatedly produces conflict with our much more conservative institutions and social ideology. However blurred or bottled, we do draw on a liberating heritage. A teen-ager discovers his "inalienable rights" and refuses to cut his hair short. A poet-philosopher believes in "liberty" for all and expects it to apply to his revolutionary pronouncements, even when they turn into conduct. A poor black wakes up to "equality" and demands that it be made tangible. But long ago we discovered ways out, institutional side steps to maintain a semblance of radical ideology within a highly restrictive order. Co-optation merely overdescribes some of the papering over of discrepancies. For our credos cut both ways and can be used for putting down dissent as well as reluctantly absorbing it. Thus equality can be called upon to disallow compensatory treatment for the cheated, such as ethnic minorities, who then wouldn't be treated "equally." Maintaining "freedom" for nondissenters can serve as justification for restricting dissenters, whose own freedom might disturb the catatonic, noisily awakening the unfree. An unpleasant radical colleague (redundant description?) was fired several years ago with approximately this advice: "You should try one of those places that go in for radicals and troublemakers and all that sort of thing, where you'd be happier." For many honest Americans freedom and dissent do have a place—somewhere else.

When it comes to those few places that ostensibly and officiously go in for some dissent, a desperate economics of glut takes its toll. To quote a harassed official of one such institution in California: "We are overrun with presentations concerning the illiberalism of university and college; radicalism, pure and corrupted; and the issues of confronting the Establishment." With so few places for dissent to lodge, those that specialize in it develop a ruthless snobbery of fashionable radicalism. Most basically, that results from dissent being viewed as something peculiar, not part of daily life and institutions, a removed activity separate from factory and office and school and street. After all, a majority of Americans dislike the critical and different and dissenting.

In this society, competitive manipulation and institutional adaptation control even recognized dissidence. Disagreement which can be used for bureaucratic advancement, criticism which can magnify official posturing, difference which can be made into profitable fashion—these but no others will be allowed within. Since a pretense at openness to the alien, actually a kind of utility testing, must be maintained, we find liberal appearances but small substance in hospitality to criticism and change. Most does *not* get co-opted. Failure of dissent to adapt within rather narrow limits produces a revealingly indignant rejection. You either join in on dubious, sometimes worse, terms or get roundly excluded. This explains the pathos of selling out, and the great bitterness of many of the experienced dissidents.

Dissent, other than the trivial and counterfeit, must painfully make its way against restrictive institutions and an overwhelming, hostile society. That, and not ostensible openness and co-opting and permissiveness, provides the basic reality. Here I merely restate hard-nosed folk wisdom about America. "Yeah, it's a free country, but you only get to do that once." "You're free to do it, but you better not try." The restrictions pointed to are normative, stylistic, pervasive. They require no more than minimal ill will and do not consciously violate the ideology of freedom—somewhere else. They can be maintained in ostensible good faith for, in the worst metaphor of supposed tolerance, isn't the market place of ideas still

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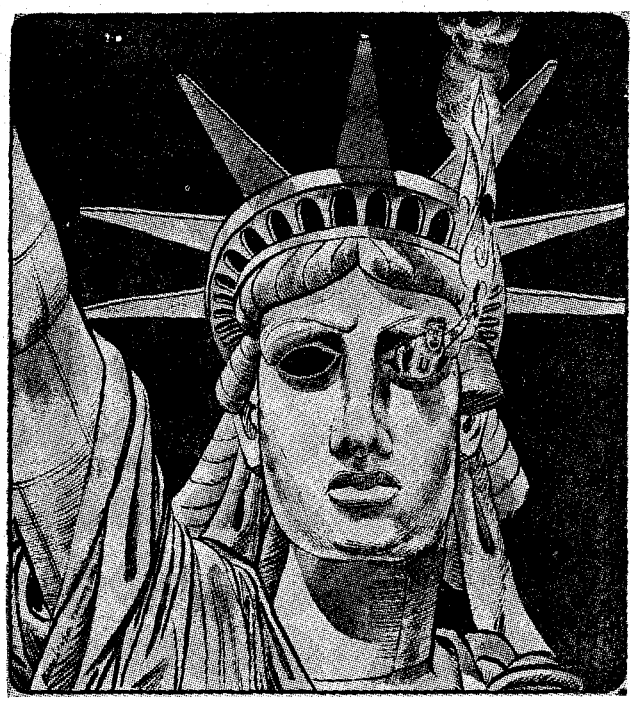

Macpherson, Toronto Star

open? Brutally so. Next time someone deplores the uncouthness and extremism of current dissent, place it against the American background and you will see the imperatives that push the dissenters.

Part of what conditions contemporary dissent comes from the increasing amorphousness of institutionalized power. Historical and moral legitimacy, based in quite a different social and communications order, does not really apply and so must be twisted to cover the reality. Also, bureaucracy typically befuddles rather than represses dissenting speech and action. How talk back to a bureaucracy? How move it to action by its enmeshing nonspeech? Not accidentally, most of the serious criticism of government foreign policy not only comes from outside but from those offensively different in style, quite lacking in the language and suppositions of the professionals. Students, rather more than teachers and administrators, make the powerful criticisms of educational institutions because they use their own language or otherwise disrupt accepted and controlled responses. Professional media people notoriously accept all sorts of pre-censorship which appear absurd to those on the outside. The professional in any field tends to find the large criticism incomprehensible. The processing provides the restricting. Institutional words conceal rather than reveal. Inexpert attempts to criticize and change this would be presumptuous—outrageous. Therefore the genuine style of dissent becomes outrageousness. Anything less can be easily disposed of.

To be outrageous—intransigent, extreme, impolite, disruptive—avoids co-optation and violates the essence of institutional and professional rationalization, control, neutralization. The first time, several years ago, that I heard an unkempt young radical obscenely talk of burning down an institution, I thought he must be a psychopath. He turned out to be a perceptive and humorous fellow, rather self-consciously employing what has since become a major style of dissent. That is how one stands up to bureaucratic niceties and denaturing rationalization. It can, of course, be a dangerous style. Some literalist of the social imagination may (and obviously some have) follow through by throwing Molotov cocktails in the Streets of Selective Service and similar controllers, hurting somebody. (I do not include here the principled Christians who burned draft records in Baltimore and Milwaukee, but they expressed, in its most saintly form, the same logic of exasperated dissent.) What the shocked moderates call "going too far" reflects the inability of any lesser dissenting style to establish autonomy and seriousness. The repeated public rage against damaging a few windows or offices does seem peculiar. Would that such good citizens applied a proportionate sense of outrage to common decency to the real damage and destruction from our social and institutional orderings.

Patience, contrary to what the usual moralists tell us, is not the issue relevant to the style of current dissent. More than twenty years after the military draft was thoroughly criticized and protested against for its gross injustices, as well as its human, and even military, stupidity, essentially the same Selective Service system, and even the same personnel, go on in the same vicious way. To demand its destruction seems, by now, a patiently appropriate radical comment. To reject totally, to disrupt or shut down some "welfare" or "educational" or other institution, after years of substantial evidence of obtuseness to criticism and rigid refusal of real change, can be perfectly reasonable. The evidence suggests to many dissenters that some institutions should go under, so that we may start again, trying something more humane and meaningful. Is that what is meant by the indignant complaint that "decent dissent" has become "nhilism"?

Many of the responses of current dissent appear impolite, intransigent, extreme and destructive in terms of how our institutions *should* respond rather than in terms of their real rejection or distortion of most criticism and change. Whatever the irrationality of some dissenters, and of some situations which they did not basically create, disruption and destruction must often be judged more logical than pathological. What requires cure is the popular American belief that disruption and destruction can never be justified and decently desired. I do not wish to defend violence, any more than I would the weird rage against all unofficial disruption and destruction, but it would be disingenuous not to recognize the logic we enforce upon dissent. If one favors protest only when it takes polite, moderate, masochistic and ineffective forms, then one really opposes it. At the minimum, dissent means little in the absence of painful criticism, harsh conflict and drastic efforts at change. Now we sadly learn that a large majority of Americans, including many men of good and liberal will, vehemently prefer to dispose of dissent.

All sorts of criticism can certainly be leveled against current dissidence, not every bit of which provides our best signs of social health. But that is smugly easy. Instead, let us glance at the end of the pattern which the

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negative processing of dissent seems to engender. In the past decade we have moved from criticism to protest, when the criticism was largely ignored; from protest to resistance, when the protest showed itself insufficient; and, currently, unsuccessful resistance appears repeatedly to break out into rebellion. This, I have tried to indicate, comes less from arbitrary choice than from the desperation of dissent in a restrictively processing order. Sequentially, I suppose, revolution, or counterrevolution, would complete criticism-protest-resistance-insurrection. But I can find no one, not even the wildest militant or doctrinaire new-Jacobin, who believes that full-scale revolution is probable in current America. That may be why some choose to live revolution, making it a life style right now. Many radicals apparently think things will go on much as they are, only more so. Such mechanical extension of the present into the future seems the least adequate historical perspective. Others fear new styles of restriction, more intense repression, ultimately reaching counterrevolution. (Traditionally, some radicals reverse such fears into the gruesome optimism that counterrevolution will further the true revolution.) But isn't some of it already here? Not co-optation but increasing repression of student revolts and black militancy and resistance to the military seem evident. Protest is more often put down than taken over—not yet with maximum violence and repression but also not with minimum force and punishment. More ominously, minority, even liberal, as well as mainstream audiences, respond positively to official harshness, apply out of context the most finicky standards for "good dissent," and display extreme fears of radical criticism and real communal change. No matter how subtle the co-opting of opposition, and how pervasive the processing of criticism and critics, the problems of dissent and the efforts to dispose of it in America remain for the most part the old, simple and frightening ones. The only true way to dispose of dissent is to replace it with bigger and better dissent.

COLLEGE PRESS

UPSTARTS IN THE IVY

ALAN BOLES
Mr. Boles, a senior at Yale, is former editor in chief of the Yale Daily News. *He has worked summers on* The Wall Street Journal *and* The Southern Courier, *a civil rights paper circulating in Mississippi and Alabama.*

Dirty words are the hottest things in college newspaper work since the advent of journalism schools. At the turn of the year, the University of Wisconsin's *Daily Cardinal* created a major issue by printing news of a conference of student radicals replete with specimens from the uninhibited rhetoric of the New Leftists. Fearing that their university would become a school for scandal, the Wisconsin regents threatened the *Cardinal* with disaffiliation. Shock waves from the controversy were soon felt at Michigan State, where the MSU *News* displeased university officials by spelling out the Wisconsin imbroglio in four-letter detail.

The Purdue *Exponent* brought its normally placid campus to a boil last fall by printing a column that dumped filth on President Frederick Hovde for an alleged breach of faith. Knowing that while sticks and stones would break his bones, words could also hurt him, Hovde attempted to remove the *Exponent*'s editor and then agreed to a compromise by which the editor would be subject to a student-faculty review board.

Even the *Yale Daily News* rustled the ivy last fall and shook up New Haven's City Hall with a front-page story about a Mark Rudd speech on campus. The article quoted one SDS member in attendance at the rally as calling New Haven's chief of state "the fucking mayor." The *News* subsequently received two angry phone calls from Mayor Richard Lee, who complained about an alleged distortion of facts in the article, although the coarse reference was obviously a source of his displeasure.

The college press also knows that a picture *is* at times worth a thousand words, and newspapers at the University of Hartford and Boston University have turned to graphics for a more vivid presentation of their message. The student editor, the president of the student body and a student artist at the University of Hartford were hauled into court on obscenity and libel charges after the *News-Liberated Press* printed on November 13 a cartoon of an uplifted middle finger drawn as a penis, with the caption, "Richard M. Nixon." In January, upset university officials announced suspension of the paper for publishing the controversial nude photo of John Lennon and his wife-to-be, Yoko Ono. At BU, the *News* startled alumni and parents last November with a front-page picture of a couple engaged in sexual intercourse as part of a special issue on sex. Ed Siegel, editor of the *News,* commented, "We wanted to write about and discuss sex in the same way we write about Vietnam, poverty or political issues."

Despite the public attention lavished on these and similar happenings, the dirty word is not really the last word in college journalism. As the novelty and sense of outrage wear off (and it doesn't take long), it can be seen that the excitement over a few specks of dirt on the pages of college papers merely emphasizes the bland homogeneity of campus journalism in general. If people raise hell over the language in a paper, the new breed of editors argue, at least they are reading and responding to the paper, which is a refreshing change from the nonreading habits of most student newspaper subscribers. The monotonous patchwork of lecture notices, ski reports and cover-

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age of fraternity frolics, which blankets the pages of most campus newspapers, is a disservice to any community interested in the life of ideas. Even the soiled banner of free speech is better than no attempt to communicate.

There are more important things to get excited about than dirty words. College newspapers are traditionally to the left of their readers, and the gap may have widened a bit recently, what with the especially sharp impact of assassinations, riots, conventions and elections on the most active and articulate students. Robert Johnston, executive editor of the United States Student Press Association and former editor of the *Michigan Daily*, estimates that "there has been a slight movement to the left in the editorial line of the most significant campus papers." But college journalism is the most transient of professions and there is no evidence yet that a new breed of lion is here to stay.

A few papers, none of them at major campuses, have undergone important face-lifting operations over the past year. The University of Colorado *Fourth Estate* at the Denver campus, the Valparaiso University (Indiana) *Torch*, and the Rice University *Thresher*, as examples, have adopted snappy new layouts, given more emphasis to feature stories, and dressed up their editorial pages with more provocative columns.

Under the hand of former undergraduate Art Johnston, the newspaper at Wayne State University in Detroit has changed radically, even to its name—from the *Daily Collegian* to the *South End*. The shift aroused such opposition among the university's administration and 33,000 students that a university-subsidized paper was published briefly in opposition. In a half facetious self-interview, reprinted in several campus papers around the country last fall, Johnston complained that student newspapers "have to start doing the job of shoving an issue in the face of the student, and saying *think about that, God damn you!* . . . We believe in truth and all that stuff, but we also believe in other things. We've got certain ideas that we stand for, and we've got certain ideas about what things should be changed."

This renovating and radicalizing, which may have noticeably affected a dozen out of about 2,000 college papers, is less interesting than the recent proliferation of publications on campuses which have long had established newspapers. Until recently, nearly all campus papers enjoyed a monopoly, but in the past two years papers on such important campuses as Stanford, Yale, Boston University, Harvard, the University of Colorado and Wesleyan have suddenly been faced with rivals. The majority of these new publications are motivated by ideological dissatisfactions with the existing order on the campus and in the country, and probably indicate the growing polarization of college opinion. In function, they sometimes appear to be little more than large-scale house organs for one or another view or faction.

Since the middle of 1967 the *Stanford Daily* has had to engage in nominal competition with the *Stanford Arena*, started by a group of students who were alarmed by the supposed leftist tendency of the *Daily*. Ironically, the *Daily* editor at the time, Kirk Hansen, was generally considered more conservative than his immediate predecessors. Despite a major ballyhoo in the delighted San Francisco press at the time of its founding, and a few shivers of glee among Stanford alumni in the Los Angeles area, the effect of the *Arena* has been small. The *Daily* still attracts a far larger audience than its weekly competitor, which operates principally as a university-wide position paper for YAFers and their fellow travelers. If the financial support of Stanford alumni continues to drop off, the *Arena* will be hard pressed to continue.

At Harvard, innovation has occurred at the opposite end of the political spectrum. About a dozen SDS-oriented Harvard and Radcliffe students, with more than a dozen people from outside the Cambridge academic complex, banded together last summer to produce a distinctive newspaper called the *Old Mole*. (The name comes from Marx, who likened the underground development of the model revolution to the hidden activity of an old mole.) It has surfaced ten times so far in a 16-page, newsprint tabloid. The *Old Mole* started as an attempt to offer a radical alternative to what its supporters consider the stuffy respectability of the *Harvard Crimson*. Jon Supak, a member of the staff and a Harvard teaching fellow in philosophy, said: "The *Crimson* is clearly lousy. It's a very establishment paper. They've been taking very stupid, wishy-washy positions on anything that came up, and we thought it was time for a new paper." So the innovators warmed up for the match last spring by putting out two issues of the *Harvard Graduate News*, which circulated to several thousand students. They then raised $500 of advertising money for the *Mole* over the summer.

However, the *Old Mole* soon shifted its orientation away from Harvard. The staff has formed itself into an autonomous SDS chapter, and two of its members are full-time SDS regional coordinators. It moved its office from Harvard's Emerson Hall to a Cambridge store front. Two thousand of the *Mole*'s 7,500 copies are now sent to colleges outside the Boston area, and it is considered an organ for the SDS's New England region. Circulation has dropped from the early fall figure of 10,000, but the staff attributes the slump to the onset of cold weather, rather than to a change of political climate. (Most "undergrounds" like the *Mole* are sold by street vendors, and their distribution systems tend to freeze up in the winter.) "If we can just survive this winter, we'll be here to stay," said one *Old Mole* editor.

One purpose of the *Old Mole*, according to Supak, is to convince liberals that there is something to the radical

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viewpoint by avoiding customary radical rhetoric and understating the case. "We try to get beyond the slogans and catchwords and let the bare facts speak for themselves." Yet many of the poems, reviews and analytical pieces in the *Mole* are loaded with unabashed radical rhetoric. The most sane and sober articles it has printed were a feature series demonstrating both the economic homogeneity of Harvard undergraduates and the financial wherewithal of Harvard University—the plea being to introduce greater heterogeneity into the student body by eliminating tuition. Another strikingly sensible series attacked the welfare system in Massachusetts and advised its abolition, but this by now is a fairly shopworn issue.

The *Old Mole*'s situation is somewhat compromised by the shift of the redoubtable *Crimson* to the left, and its slight growth of favor with the SDS. The *Crimson* dismayed the bulk of Harvard's undergraduates by proposing amnesty for the demonstrators who sat in at the faculty's December meeting on accreditation for the ROTC. Jim Fallows, president of the *Crimson*, remarked: "We are always receiving criticism that we have jumped off the deep end and have lost all plausibility. I'd say almost everyone on the staff is liberal to radical now."

During the past year the University of Colorado at Boulder has been the scene of a journalistic counterattack from the Right. The traditionally irreverent and rambunctious *Colorado Daily* was first challenged in the winter of 1968 by *CU Perspective*. The weekly 8-to-12-page tabloid was organized by Dan Green, a junior with a campus reputation as "Mr. Conservative," and financed in part by Joe Coors, producer of Coors beer and the most conspicuously reactionary of the UC regents. It established the same 16,000 press run as the *Daily*, and in fact is printed at the same plant. *Perspective* shaped its coverage to appeal to the fraternity population, and managed to win the advertising accounts of some local, right-wing merchants away from the *Daily*.

However, the paper lost its distinctive, conservative flavor last spring after a palace coup. Intra-staff conflicts came to a head when Green decided to reprint the entire text of a speech given by Ronald Reagan at Boulder. A cadre of moderates issued six reasons why the editor should be ousted and then seized the paper. In the fall, *Perspective* was in financial trouble, while the *Daily*, under a new editor, moderated its editorial line, gained a defecting feature editor from *Perspective*, enlisted the help of Dan Green himself for a time, and boosted its advertising. On the major campus issue—the disaffiliation and subsequent reaffiliation of the SDS by the board of regents—*Perspective* eventually adopted a position which criticized the regents and approximated the views of the *Daily*. Pat McGraw, the *Daily*'s editor, cracked: "*Perspective* now espouses a sort of milk-toast political philosophy."

It will probably not espouse any political philosophy much longer, since it appears doomed to collapse with the graduation of most of its staff this spring, if its shaky finances can sustain it that far. In 1963 the *New Conservative*, a weekly tabloid at Colorado, folded under similar problems.

Boston University has the most varied journalistic fare of any campus. Three weekly papers, the *News*, the *Scarlet* and the *Informer*, were operating during the fall. The *News*, which is the traditional paper, disaffiliated itself from the university last winter by common agreement of the staff and the administration. Since the editorship of the irrepressible Ray Mungo—now an affiliate of the Montague Liberation News Service—BU authorities have been uncomfortable with the paper's radical tone. In 1966, Mungo started a tradition of outspokenness by calling for the abolition of ROTC, the impeachment of Lyndon Johnson, and the elimination of the BU journalism program.

With its divorce, the *News* received $50,000 alimony from BU. It continues publishing 12 to 16 pages weekly, occupying its old office in the student union. Moreover, its spunky style has won it an audience far greater than that of either of its rivals. A small disturbance occurred early in this school year when one of the contributors to the *News*, a divinity student, was dismissed from the university for "incompatibility with the Christian ministry." The editors claim the action was a reprisal for a series the student did on BU military research contracts.

The *Informer*, a 12-page tabloid, was launched in the fall by the student government as the official student newspaper. It has followed an editorial line roughly similar to the *News* and like the *News* circulates 11,000 copies free to the entire student body. However, since the *Informer* is not able to match the *News* in advertising, and since student government funds are running low, the paper is expected to suspend before long. The *Scarlet*, least significant of the three publications, is supported by the BU inter-fraternity council, which is in turn supported by the university, and functions largely as a bulletin board for BU's commuter-fraternity population. Political polemics are distinctly absent from the *Scarlet*; yet because it serves a special function, it is likely to survive at least the year.

The situation at Yale is as complex as that at Boston University, but without the ideological overtones. Two small journals produced by graduate students are now appearing regularly. The more important, *Organum Novum*, is put out by a group of architecture students on a poster-sized super-sheet, with a highly unorthodox design. It crusaded vigorously last fall for reform of Yale's confused architectural planning procedures. Another supersheet, *School Days*, has appeared sporadically under the direction of a part of Yale's chaotic student government. Before Yale decided upon coeducation, *School Days* de-

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manded, to the amusement of the student body, that an encampment called "Girlstown" be created under geodesic domes in the middle of campus.

Meanwhile, the *Yale Daily News*, published since 1878, has undergone an internal revolution. In January, the incoming group of editors substituted collective leadership for the normal hierarchy of masthead positions. A group of interlocking committees is now responsible for all important decisions, and everyone on the staff in the junior class is expected to participate. So far, the new system has neither fulfilled the great expectations of its promoters nor confirmed the predictions of total chaos made by its opponents. The most noticeable effect has been a shift to the left in the paper's editorial policy and increased hostility toward Yale's administration.

However, the most striking recent arrival in Yale journalism has been the *New Journal*. This biweekly publication, no longer quite so "new," was started in the fall of 1967 by two editors who broke off from the *News*. The *New Journal* immediately established a reputation for excellence, and was saluted by Nat Hentoff, Joseph Heller, Robert Brustein and others. It is oriented as much toward graduate students and faculty as toward the undergraduates, and thanks to financial support from anonymous alumni, is circulated free to all students and faculty.

As its name implies, it is a journal, not a newspaper; it specializes in long feature articles on things both Yale and non-Yale in the arts, politics and education. Its first issue started fast with a rousing attack on Mayor Lee's urban redevelopment program; last spring, *New Journal* set off a major campus controversy by revealing the flaws in the university's plans to build a new underground library. Its article on the visit of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson to Yale in October 1967 succeeded in annoying everyone involved —including Liz Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's press secretary —with its acid brilliance.

At Wesleyan, as at Yale, change has come from a quest for new and arresting forms of journalism rather than from ideological conflicts per se. The *Tin Drum* (title courtesy of Günter Grass) has become Wesleyan's version of *New Journal*. The biweekly, which emphasizes the arts and political opinion, was created in the spring of 1968 by three transfer students who were protesting the bulletin-board quality of the Wesleyan *Argus*, the semi-weekly campus paper. Said Alex Knopp, one of the founders: "I guess because we were new at Wesleyan, we had a different idea of what was needed." After the first issue, *Tin Drum* became the most talked about publication on campus, catching as much notice from faculty as from students, and winning permanent financial support from the student government.

It has pulled important coups by presenting some previously unpublished "maxims" of Albert Camus and by prepublishing sections of novelist Jerzy Kosinski's next book, *The Art of Self's Essays*. Goaded by this success, *Argus* has tried to expand its arts coverage and add more feature material. *Argus* is now making merger offers to the *Drum*, whose founding editors have recently retired, and whose quality will probably decline as a result.

It is doubtful that the sudden sprouting of publications represents a permanent new order in college journalism. It is merely a changed order, a non-old order, and most of the new journals will quickly disappear. Financing will continue to be most difficult for a paper getting under way (especially when it is competing in a limited market with an established publication), unless it is supported by a special group with great resources and great commitment. But the increased level of action in campus journalism is encouraging. Colleges should be intellectual hothouses, where papers that would never have developed at all in the outside world, can spring up and expire in rapid succession.

STOCKADE JUSTICE

THE ARMY'S KANGAROO COURTS

KARL H. PURNELL
Mr. Purnell is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

"Be sure to aim for my head," were the final words spoken last October by Pvt. Richard Bunch, a prisoner at the Presidio stockade in San Francisco. Then, as the young soldier deliberately walked away from a work detail, a guard accepted the challenge and blew off the top of Bunch's skull with a 12-gauge shotgun blast. Reverberations of the shot are still creating shock waves which may finally bring to public view the medieval concepts governing U.S. military penology.

Three days after the killing, a group of other inmates at the Presidio stockade attempted to get a hearing for a list of complaints about life in that overcrowded prison by means of a sit-down protest. For this, they were brought before a court-martial and charged with mutiny. Three of the soldiers received sentences of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen years each at hard labor. The fifteen-year sentence of Pvt. Nesrey D. Sood was reduced by the judge advocate general to two years, partially, it must be supposed, in response to public indignation. Several more trials are now in court and others are pending.

The harsh sentencing of prisoners, particularly those convicted for offenses with political connotations, and the subhuman conditions of many military stockades, are nothing new in military life. Although the doctrine of crime prevention through severity of punishment has long been discarded by modern penologists, faith in the remedial effects of severe and prolonged discomfort still influences military courts.

Recently, two freshmen Senators, Charles Goodell

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(R.,N.Y.) and Alan Cranston (D.,Calif.), have taken action to focus public attention on the abominable conditions in U.S. military stockades. Calling for investigations by the Senate Armed Services Committee, they stated: "The outrageous shotgun killing of Pvt. Richard Bunch at the San Francisco Presidio stockade, October 11, and the disclosures of deplorable conditions at the stockade there which came to light following the sit-down demonstrations by twenty-seven fellow prisoners a few days later, make it imperative that Congress take a close look not only at the Presidio but at military prisons throughout the country." In the House, Reps. Abner J. Mikva (D., Ill.) and R. L. Leggett (D., Calif.) have raised the same issue.

At the Fort Dix stockade in New Jersey, a survey of twenty-seven prisoners just completed by the American Civil Liberties Union (N.J.) shows that guard brutality, overcrowding of facilities and lack of sanitary living conditions have for years been a part of prison life. Refusal to allow prisoners to submit complaints through proper military channels, illegal censorship of mail and continual harassment of prisoners by sadistic guards are "altogether typical," an ACLU investigator disclosed.

For example, one prisoner at Fort Dix recalled that he was ordered to crawl to his sergeant on hands and knees to apologize for a remark he had made. When the soldier refused, he was pushed into a cold shower and then forced outside to stand naked in the winter weather for three hours. Similar stories of guard brutality and barbaric conditions are common in Vietnam, where the immediacy of war creates even less sympathy for prisoners. Serious rioting in both the Army's Long Binh jail ("Ole LBJ") near Saigon and the Marine brig in Danang took place last year when prisoners could no longer endure their harsh treatment.

One reason for the lack of regard for prisoners has been the failure to staff military stockades with qualified persons. At the Presidio, neither the Commanding Officer, Capt. Robert S. Lamont, nor any of the guards had any training for penal work. Department of Defense Instruction No. 1325.4 says: "personnel . . . shall be specifically trained in the control, management and correction of persons." In most cases, young Military Police are simply handed a shotgun and assigned to stockade duty, where the practice of prisoner harassment is soon acquired.

Other regulations assure the prisoners proper living conditions and suitable sanitary facilities. At the Presidio, inmates claim they had to walk through human excrement caused by leakage from the four toilets serving the 180 men. During the weeks preceding the sit-down demonstration, prisoners were getting little food, medicine was unavailable for some of the sick, and guards tormented and beat soldiers who fell into their disfavor. This kind of treatment took a toll of the prisoners: fifty-two suicide attempts have been reported by the Army during the past year and the prisoners claimed there were many more.

Senators Goodell and Cranston believe they may be prying the lid from a Pandora's box in calling attention to the Presidio case. Complaints from twelve other stockades throughout the country have already reached their desks.

While all this is the stuff of which public scandals are made, it may be only the tip of the iceberg as far as military justice is concerned. Less spectacular but equally important to the GI is the spider web of military legal proceedings in which many soldiers are entangled.

With more and more cases tied to dissent from the war in Vietnam, an almost unlimited power of sentencing has enabled military authorities to mount a campaign of terror against those GIs who place conscience above duty. Three major weaknesses in the Uniform Code of Military Justice have become apparent to defense lawyers who try to secure a fair trial for their soldier clients.

Most notorious of these is the exercise of command influence on the decisions of a military court by ranking officers. In court-martial cases, the unit commander decides whether to bring charges. He then appoints the court, the law officer (similar to the judge) and the defense counsel from officers under his command. Finally, he can review the sentence and either waive or reduce it.

With these powers over judge, jury and hangman, the sentencing of soldiers can obviously be subject to the prejudices of the senior officer. Last July, charges were brought against Maj. Gen. Thomas Lipscomb, commanding general of Fort Leonard Wood, for tampering with court-martial trials. Although Lipscomb was cleared (there has never been a conviction on charges of command influence), the allegations of threatening counsel, demanding severe sentences and attempting to intimidate court members, at least dramatized the possibilities for exercising such influence.

Many members of Congress agree that command influence in court-martial cases has been excessive. However, they point to a new amendment to the Uniform Code, aimed at eliminating future command influence. Now, through the efforts of Sen. Sam. J. Ervin, Jr. (D., N.C.), law officers in court-martial cases are placed under the jurisdiction of the judge advocate general. Thus the judicial arm of the services will determine promotions, ratings, etc., for this "independent field judiciary." To become effective August 1, the new regulations are being hailed by many officials as a definite deterrent to undue influence by a commanding officer.

Yet there is reason to suspect that such optimism may be misplaced. Command influence has often come from the judge advocate's office itself. In the case of *United States* v. *Perry and Sparks*, charges of reprisal actions against defense counsel were leveled at the staff judge advocate of Fort McPherson, Ga. The defense counsel claimed the reprisals were taken because he would not follow suggestions on how to conduct a case. Here again, there was no conviction, although a "misunderstanding" was admitted.

Many civilian lawyers with experience in military courts feel the new law will have little effect. "The whole thing is a façade," Charles Morgan, the Atlanta attorney who represents Capt. David Levy, says. Morgan claims the extensive "cooperation" and "rapport" among the officer corps in any military unit will enable command influence to take place. "The judge advocate's office is often the source of the worst kind of influence in court proceed-

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ings." To Morgan there will always be a Kafkaesque quality to military trials until the Uniform Code is completely revised and servicemen can be tried in civilian courts.

A second major obstacle to fairness in military trials arises from the ambiguous definitions of improper behavior. When does an officer violate Article 133, prohibiting "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman"? Several protesters of the war in Vietnam have been convicted of "contemptuous words against the President, Vice President, Congress, Secretary of Defense, Secretary of a Department or a legislature of any State," all of which is prohibited under Article 88 of the Code.

In the Presidio case, Sixth Army Commandant Gen. Stanley Larson ignored the recommendation of an Army hearings officer and ordered the twenty-seven demonstrators tried for mutiny. Under Article 94 that is defined thus: "any person who with intent to usurp or override lawful military authority, refuses in concert with any other person, to obey orders or otherwise do his duty or creates any violence or disturbance is guilty of mutiny." Under this definition, charges of mutiny could presumably be brought against two or more drunken soldiers singing *Roll Me Over* loudly enough to create a disturbance.

A third major defect arising from the Uniform Code is the disparity of sentencing among different courts; variations are sometimes grotesque. Pvt. Ray Jones, who deserted and went to Sweden for more than a year after learning he was assigned to Vietnam, got four months at hard labor and a bad-conduct discharge on his return to the United States. When a Senate Armed Services subcommittee on the Treatment of Deserters from Military Service began to complain about leniency, the Army became tough. In its next case, Pvt. James Arnett, who similarly returned from Sweden after leaving his post, received four years at hard labor.

Historically, the whole problem of maintaining discipline has been in the hands of a soldier's unit commander. Whether the punishment consisted of keel-hauling a mutinous sailor or flogging a soldier for stealing, the affair has traditionally been local. Given earlier conditions of communications and travel, this may have been reasonable; but today, when transporting a soldier to a proper court of law or communicating with a central command is an easy matter, there is little excuse for leaving serious trials in the hands of local military officials.

On the contrary, there is ample reason for sweeping changes. Last year, desertions among the armed services rose sharply to 53,357 or one every ten minutes. More and more soldiers are forming themselves into organizations to protest the inequities of the military system. Attempts to terrorize this new breed of young Americans into submission through the practice of stockade brutality and drumhead courts-martial will be no more successful than Mayor Daley's police were at quelling protesters.

Lieut. (j.g.) Susan Schnall, a Navy nurse who was recently court-martialed for marching in an anti-war parade while in uniform, summed up the feeling of a growing number of young soldiers when she said: "It [the Presidio case] really concerns the right of a man to be treated as a human being, not just as a cog in a machine, even if he is in the Army. People ask us how you can have the military without discipline. But the way to maintain discipline is through respect not repression."

A HEIST A MINUTE

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Cleveland

Several years ago Ralph Nader pointed an accusing, public finger at the automotive industry for allowing its vehicles to roll into dealers' showrooms without adequate safeguards for the lives and limbs of motorists. The manufacturers subsequently redesigned automobile dashboards, door locks and steering wheels, and by the end of 1968 were installing seat belts, shoulder harnesses and padded head restraints as standard equipment. Now the Big Four of the industry are being haunted by still another problem —theft—which, like accidents, costs drivers dearly. To date, however, their engineering efforts have done little to curtail the mounting nation-wide incidence of stolen and stripped cars. Although each of the firms has approached theft protection from a different angle, none as yet has developed an anti-theft device sufficiently effective and sufficiently automatic to be a satisfactory deterrent.

It is an unhappy truth, undisputed by any crime expert, that car theft is fast becoming one of the nation's most costly plagues. The National Auto Theft Bureau, a service organization maintained by the more than 400 firms that write automobile fire and theft insurance, estimates that in 1968 the gross loss to motorists amounted to more than $825 million, not including the value of accessories. (One insurance company paid out more than $1 million in a twelve-month period just to replace hubcaps stolen from its policyholders!) These latest figures reflect a 25 per cent increase since December of 1967—and more than 800,000 Americans reported stolen autos last year, almost four times the number taken ten years ago!

Paradoxically, as the total of car "heists" mounts, the rate of recovery falls. The NATB recovery rate of 67 per cent for 1967 was a decisive 9 per cent drop from the preceding year. This, the bureau's agents feel, is due largely to two factors: the growing skill of professional auto thieves in entering and removing vehicles, and the active market for stolen autos among shady American, European and South American dealers who will buy cars without asking for certificates of title. The police of the country have at present some 200,000 cars on their lists of unsolved crimes. And it should be remembered that there

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are many other crimes which begin with the theft of a car.

Who is really at fault when a car disappears from its parking spot—manufacturer, motorist, policeman?

The manufacturers say that to place the main responsibility on them is unrealistic; that it's up to motorists to guard their own property; just as it is they who must snap the buckles of their seat belts and shoulder harnesses, if those safety devices are to be of value. To back up their argument, company representatives point to the established statistic that almost 80 per cent of stolen cars had been left by owners with unlocked doors, of which at least half were parked with the key in the ignition. John U. Damian, vehicle regulations manager of the Ford Motor Co., speaking at the three-day Institute on Auto Theft which convened last year in Cleveland, told the 300 attending police officers: "Until we can get drivers to stop handing over their vehicles to thieves, all anti-theft activities are practically useless!" The motorist who shrugs, "Who cares? I'm insured!" is as spendthrift as he is misguided, since Americans pay for the spiraling crime of car theft with equivalent spiraling insurance costs.

In line with this assertion, the Criminal Division of the Justice Department last year sponsored a national "Lock Your Car" campaign. Through a series of newspaper and magazine ads, radio and television spot announcements, bumper stickers and films, the public was warned against leaving their car doors unlocked and their keys dangling as enticements. Several cities took the crusade a step farther: their police ticketed any vehicle left unattended with the keys in plain sight. The results seemed to justify the campaign—Chattanooga reported a 33 per cent decrease in stolen cars, Chicago, 19 per cent and Honolulu, 27 per cent. But the police know that unless they keep on giving tickets people will forget. What we need, they say, is an anti-theft device which will *think* for motorists.

But here the problem takes on the complexities of a kaleidoscope, mainly because of the many elements involved in planning an automobile which will be reasonably theftproof. Keys and their combinations, Vehicle Identification Numbers (VINs) and their plates, confidential numbers, ignition switches, door and trunk locks, hood mechanisms, entry accessibility—all these must be considered. The cost to the customer is another factor, so it is small wonder that the auto companies doubt that they will ever find the solution.

General Motors was the first to include a so-called anti-theft device as standard equipment for its 1968 models. This took the form of a signal which buzzes alarmingly whenever the driver attempts to open his door without first removing the ignition key. In application, however, many motorists have already found the raucous alarm hard on their nerves, and have disconnected its wires.

Roy P. Trowbridge, GM's director of Engineering Standards, cited another example of his company's efforts to protect their vehicles from theft: "Between 1966 and 1968, General Motors increased the number of key combinations from about 1,300 to 4,000, rendering the so-called *master keys* virtually useless. It now takes approximately 20 pounds of keys to operate these 4,000 combinations, a heavy load for any crook to carry!"

These "master," or manipulative, keys have become a source of concern for both the automobile companies and the police departments. Although most honest motorists are unaware that such "skeleton keys" exist for cars, auto thieves have been using them successfully for years, often purchasing them through the mail.

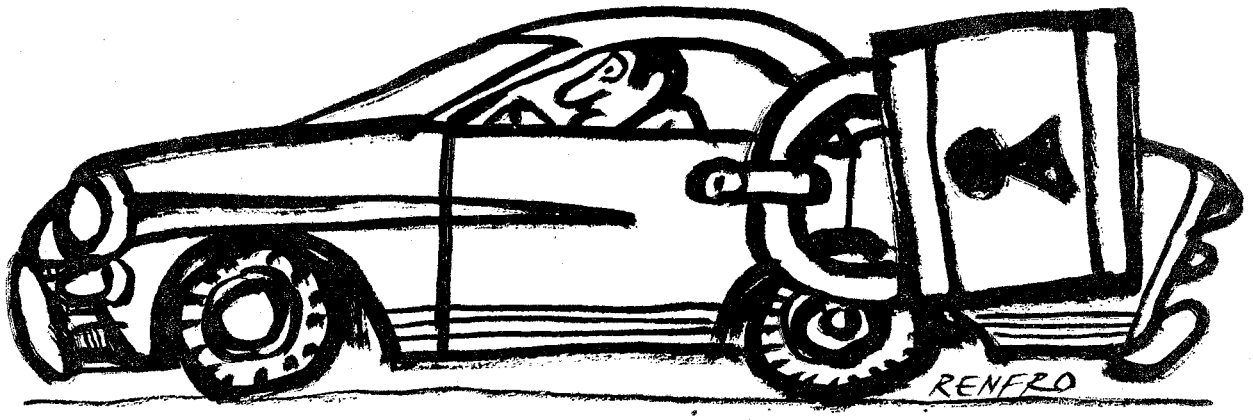
The indiscriminate sale of such keys first came to the attention of William J. Davis, Western Division manager of the National Auto Theft Bureau, through an advertisement in the July 16, 1962 issue of *Automotive News*:

> Attention Used Car Dealers and Repossessors. Master Ford ignition key fits all models, yours for $2.00 postpaid. A set of 64 General Motors master keys fits all GM cars, $9.95 postpaid. Set of three keys, opens ignition, door and trunk, all model Ford products, $5.00 postpaid. Send check or money order to ———— Co., P.O. Box ———, ——— ————, California.

Davis immediately approached the editors of the magazine and informed them that one of their advertisers appeared to be selling "master keys" to anyone who would forward the money. "Subsequently, publication of this ad was discontinued," Davis reported. "But this was just one of many cases where manipulative keys have been offered to any and all buyers, irrespective of age or intent."

As a result of this flooding of the country with "master key" advertisements, bills were introduced into several state legislatures to control their distribution. Federal legislation was also initiated—all with little result. Ohio is now one of the few states where it is unlawful to possess a master key for the purpose of using it to commit a crime.

Not even the President was able to push through the



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federal bill. In his Special Message to Congress on Crime, delivered in February 1968, Mr. Johnson proposed an Auto Theft Prevention Act which would prohibit the advertisement, mailing or shipment in interstate commerce of motor vehicle keys, or information and devices from which such keys can be made. This act, together with the Auto Safety Regulations proposed by the Secretary of Transportation (which would require anti-theft devices on cars manufactured after December 31, 1969), "should help counter the rising rate of auto thefts," Mr. Johnson told Congress. To date, neither bill has passed.

But even without federal prompting, the automobile firms have taken several steps to discourage thievery. Last year the four major companies acted to make it as difficult as possible for car bandits to remove the vehicle ID plates or eradicate the numbers. Each firm installed the plates in the narrow space between the windshield and padded dash, using hidden rivets to prevent tampering with the VINs. Readily visible from the outside of the car—so that an investigating policeman might check through the windshield and not be accused of "illegal entry"—the identification numbers are also dye-stamped into the engines and transmission assemblies, as well as in secret locations known only to the factories, but made available to police departments for identification purposes.

In other approaches, the manufacturers have been pursuing separate paths based upon their particular anti-theft theories. Chrysler has been studying the problem from the standpoint of deterring the thief from *starting* the car. "Chrysler has been involved in anti-theft measures since 1924," states James W. Shank, executive engineer of the Body Engineering Division. "Over the years we have analyzed the problem and concluded that the two major aspects are the keys left in vehicles by the drivers and the youngsters who steal cars 'for kicks.' Since we can't seem to depend upon motorists locking their car doors . . . we are attempting to improve the ignition system so that the time needed to start our cars illicitly makes theft almost prohibitive. After all, the longer it takes a crook to get a motor going, the less likely he'll hang around for fear of being apprehended."

Chrysler has on its drawing boards plans for a "pop-out" ignition key, but this, like GM's buzzer alarm, reads better than it works. The engineers have still to control the obvious "bugs" in the system: for it to operate successfully, the spring pressure must be so great that the motorist's key could be propelled into the back of the car. Furthermore, if the driver were to throw his gear shift into "park" accidentally, his key would be ejected.

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American Motors considers safety before theft. Jack E. Martens, AM's chief safety engineer, said, "Let's make the car readily accessible to honest rescuers in cases of accidents and still keep out the kids who want to steal the cars for 'joy rides.' " Thus, American Motors has improved its door-locking system to make it both easier to close and easier to open in case the driver is pinned inside. All new Rambler and American models include a highly stylized padded door panel with a locking button built into the recessed handle. Only finger-tip action is needed to release the button on the driver's side.

Martens' feeling is that "the more convenient you make it for drivers to lock their doors, the more doors will be locked after the drivers have parked their cars." AM, therefore, considers its "keyless" locks an important anti-theft measure. Late-model cars are also equipped with a pre-set locking system which works automatically once the driver has set the switch. Its only drawback is that the system's efficiency depends upon the motorist's memory: unless he flips the lock, the system is not operational, and anyone can enter his car!

Two years ago Ford introduced a new door-lock plunger that is difficult to hook with a wire or a bent coat hanger (both devices have seen much use by professional and amateur thieves). In discussing his company's proposed plans, Ford's John Damian stated that *hot-wiring* (a process whereby the ignition switch is by-passed and electrical contacts "jump" the starter cable) is sufficiently prevalent to require the installation of key-operated hood locks. Did Ford adopt the idea for its 1969 models? "No, the manufacturing costs would make them a highly optional feature. In all probability, motorists wouldn't buy them!" Ford scoffs openly at its competitors' anti-theft designs, including Chrysler's pop-out switch. Nor does Ford feel that an ignition buzzer is the answer. The majority opinion among the car makers is that the ideal anti-theft measure is one that will completely immobilize a vehicle, so that it can neither be "jumped" nor towed away. This, experts say, can be achieved only with complete steering column, transmission and ignition locking systems.

And yet only General Motors included this triple locking system as standard in its 1969 models. American Motors positioned its ignition switches on separate bases adjacent to the steering columns, in anticipation of some anti-theft bill by the new Congress. As for the other two firms, they added some length and some new comfort to their new vehicles, but neglected to include anything vaguely resembling an anti-theft device.

General Motors is the one company that appears to feel it is within range of success. An excerpt from the 1969 Chevelle brochure, which, among other things, describes the new steering column locks, boasts: "This might just be the year that we put auto thieves out of business!" Whether this is wishful thinking, remains to be seen.

Unless everyone concerned—motorists, manufacturers and police—forgets about passing the buck and assumes his share of the burden, automobiles will continue to be snatched from the streets at the rate of one every minute, and the projected figure of 1 million stolen cars in 1970 will become a nasty reality. Perhaps it's time for Ralph Nader to wave the crusading banner again.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Love Affair with Unreason and Death

WEIMAR CULTURE: The Outsider as Insider. *By Peter Gay. Harper & Row. 205 pp. $5.95.*

EDWARD T. GARGAN
Mr. Gargan is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of De Tocqueville *(Hillary House).*

A few years ago Peter Gay seemed to some of his admirers to be undeniably brilliant, swift of judgment, unkind in debate, impatient to prove the limits of other men and in particular the historians who were his teachers, colleagues, friends. His new book suggests a different kind of man and historian, no less acute and decisive, but one who can experience pain as well as inflict it.

Gay has written not only on the Enlightenment with great authority but found time to comment, perhaps idiosyncratically, on the Puritan historical vision and has always given some of his best attention to the German historical experience. In his current work, Gay exhibits more than his usual professional skill, control and understanding. He appears to have become aware of the limits of the human situation; and while still celebrating the capacity of reason to order our chaotic existence he now seems to feel more deeply the nature of our common vulnerability to passion, to the irrational, to unwise dreams, to death. The historian of the Enlightenment was somewhat sure that reason will always expose stupidity, self-interest, superstition, cruelty. The historian of the Weimar era cannot be certain of the cure for the terrible beauty, effort and destruction that was everywhere present in Weimar Germany.

In 1913, the Hebrew poet Zalman Schneour, traveling in Germany, wrote "The Middle Ages Draw Near!" a great poem which prophetically denied the advent of a modern era. It described the frozen and masked features of men, predicting darkness and winter for Germany, while evoking the image of the ancient wheel of hate oiled by blood, creaking and cursing dryly because "its axle is not wet enough." This image of a Gothic world incapable of giving up its cruel heritage must always remain one of the ways of viewing the culture of Germany from the Wilhelmian era to the end of the Weimar Republic. Peter Gay has not chosen to ignore the Gothic features of Germany; his aim is rather to discuss the possibilities of life and of creation that so vigorously existed in this society alongside the will to deny life, from the turn of the century until the final disaster.

Gay finds the lasting accomplishments of Weimar in its artists and thinkers who were outside the established order of thought, power and prestige; the creators of its living ethos properly had only one destiny—to become exiles, the bearers of unmeasurable gifts in the hour of their Diaspora. He believes that an understanding of modernity, of its secrets and opportunities, characterized the best of the poets, artists, historians of Weimar. This conviction is illustrated by drawing a lesson from the architecture of Walter Gropius: "What Gropius taught, and what most Germans did not want to learn, was the lesson of Bacon and Descartes and the Enlightenment: that one must confront the world and dominate it, that the cure for the ills of modernity is more, and the right kind of modernity." But even when offering such prescriptions as this Gay does not commit the error he ascribes to the historian Friedrich Meinecke of turning scientific questions into philosophical problems. He does elect the no less ambitious task of distinguishing sane men from madmen, the authentic artist from the fraud, the modest poet from the vain poet who would be priest and emperor over men's souls. His history is more than a magic and successful recapturing of the Weimar period; it provides space for reason to judge a society that wished so often to escape from history.

As historian and judge, Gay is informed not only by the precedents of Western rationality but also by his own sensibility and response to that which was seductive, intoxicating and overwhelming in the poetry, art, architecture, philosophy and history of Weimar. He understands the spell of Stefan George "at once erotic and spiritual," and observes that in George every talent was present except those of the mind. And though Gay pays his tribute to the qualities of Meinecke's historical scholarship (as every historian must), he justly deprives Meinecke of his claim to authority by noting that his morality differed little from sentimentality and that Meinecke's view of the state lacked the very concreteness and reality which was his proudest boast.

It is Gay's welcome argument that the Weimar Republic was not inevitably doomed. There were those who had wanted it to succeed, men who were not lacking in intelligence and courage. Gustav Stresemann, for one, began as a model "rational republican" only because the monarchy could not be given life, and then grew from a politician to a statesman. He earns from Gay the eulogy that he "ended up as an extraordinary German." But what comes as a surprise and a delight in Gay's judgment is his basic agreement with Arnold Brecht that Stresemann acted in the end out of love for the Republic rather than from the demands of practicality. And in this instance Gay departs a little from his own dependency on the Enlightenment to honor Stresemann as the best representative of those whose "republicanism had its reasons which their reason did not know."

The partisans of intelligence who supported Weimar are represented by those who gathered at the Warburg Institute, the Deutsche Hochschule für Politik, and the Institut für Sozialforschung in Frankfurt. They are remembered for their realism, capacity for criticism, freedom from mysticism. The hope of Weimar is seen as having been entrusted to scholars such as Erwin Panofsky and Ernst Cassirer, men of genius, understanding, discipline, talent, free of illusion, open to modernity, confident of man's capacity to comprehend a world formed by their own kind.

Yet when Gay is done praising the Weimar spirit he must explain how it all went so wrong, so insanely into frenzy and the calculated madness of Hitler's Germany. Gay charts the tragic course by identifying those active in poetry and art in Weimar who preferred to establish a secret Germany which demanded from life and politics what cannot be given. They sought after that "oceanic" feeling which Freud described as illusion, guarded perhaps by genius, but still illusion, a "hunger for wholeness" that could not be satisfied in this universe. Society and the state were denied their ordinary purposes and asked to serve all that is irrational in man. Insane and unworldly demands were encouraged not only by banal and ugly

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men but by poets of Rilke's worth and philosophers of Heidegger's strength. Professor Gay does not adopt the usual academic practice of praising Heidegger the metaphysician, and regretting Heidegger the man, who bent to Hitler's screams. He unhesitatingly judges and condemns him for giving "philosophical seriousness, professorial respectability, to the love affair with unreason and death that dominated so many Germans in this hard time." Philosophers who dismiss such reservations are offered an elementary problem in logic:

> By no means all who read Heidegger were Nazis, or became Nazis because they read him; Christian existentialists or philosophers concerned with the supreme question of Being found him interesting and sometimes important. But Heidegger gave no one reason not to be a Nazi, and good reasons for being one.

Bernard S. Meyer, the art historian, has written of the Expressionist painter Emil Nolde that, "he always felt the artist should paint first and think afterward." According to Peter Gay such behavior was the common failing of all the Expressionists, and he thinks that while it helped them to assault the established order, it also developed destructive amoral and unpolitical attitudes. Gay sees the Expressionist movement as a revolt of the sons whose style made possible the revenge of the fathers, who proved to be better than their sons in the attack on culture and the old ways of life.

Here then is an explanation of much that has until now been inexplicable; we are able to see *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and the antics of Joseph Goebbels as inextricably united in that distorted vision which prepared the scenario for the Third Reich.

The Poet in the Collective

DAVID KLEINBARD
Mr. Kleinbard teaches at Queens College and is at work on a novel.

In the last six years the incendiary satirist, Wolf Biermann, has become a symbol of resistance for young Germans on both sides of the Berlin Wall. Many Germans consider this 32-year-old balladeer to be Brecht's heir as their leading political poet. But Biermann's war with the Ulbricht regime represents a change of mood among young East German writers since the uneasy alliance of Brecht and the commissars. Because of his Communist convictions, Biermann left his West German home in 1953 to live in the East. Ten years later Walter Ulbricht himself publicly read the poet out of the Social Unity (Communist) Party. Biermann's satirical play on the Wall had infuriated the party leaders.

Since 1966 the government has forbidden him to publish, perform, record, or travel. Nonetheless he continues to write and to circulate his satires of the Ulbricht regime, ridiculing the "impotent old empty barrels" of the party. In Biermann's recent poem, "Four Very Different Attempts to Talk New with the Old Comrades," the leaders appear rigid with age, surrounded by "fiery windbags and informers"—men who fought at Madrid and endured through Hitler's inferno to found a new German Republic on Marxist ideals have become "bizarre stone" fossils of their former selves.

When Biermann's first book of poems, *Die Drahtharfe*, (*The Wire Harp*, strung with the barbed wire of the Berlin Wall), came out in 1965 in West Berlin, the East German Writers' Union issued the ruling, popularly known as "the Biermann Law," which prevented East German authors from selling their works to foreign publishers without government permission. Erich Honecker, a member of the Politburo, described *Die Drahtharfe* as "so-called poems," revealing Biermann's "petty bourgeois anarchistic behavior, his arrogance, skepticism, and cynicism." Honecker had in mind lines like these:

The Collective is on the wrong track
I am the individual
The Collective has become isolated from me
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

In spite of his threatened position, Biermann has clearly expressed his determination to remain in the East in order to fight the perversion of communism by the Ulbricht bureaucracy. The poet's battle for a freer, more dynamic communism continues in the new collection of his work which has just appeared in West Berlin, entitled *Mit Marx- und Engelszungen*. The punning title can be translated, *With the Tongues of Marx and Engels* (Angels). The published volume omits a poem included in the manuscript, celebrating the changes in Prague early last year as a signal for hope in the limbo of Ulbrichtland. The poem concludes:

Wir atmen wieder, Genossen. Wir lachen
die faule Traurigkeit raus aus der Brust
Mensch, wir sind stärker als Ratten und Drachen!
Und hatten's vergessen und immer gewusst

We breathe again, Comrades. We laugh
the foul sadness out of our chests
Man, we are stronger than rats and dragons!
We had forgotten that and always known it
(My translation)

With the invasion of Czechoslovakia this source of hope was lost in the bleak political landscape which Biermann's new volume portrays. The next to last poem in the collection, "The German darkness settles/ Over my mind," expresses very clearly and simply the intensity of Biermann's gloom, as "it grows overwhelmingly dark" in his most recent songs.

Biermann's targets in his new book range far beyond the borders of degraded communism. In "General Ky's Dream," the poet's wit quietly exposes the terror veiled in Saigon's pretense of freedom:

But finally the government passed a law
That all men are
Happy
Breaches of this law
Were punished with death
Soon
There were really only
Happy men
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

Biermann's villains include the West German chancellor, the mayor of West Berlin, and the newspaper magnate, Springer. In a poem of spare and brutal directness, the poet links these three men with the assassination attempt last spring against the radical student leader, Rudi Dutschke. Biermann's publisher, Wagenbach, now faces a suit for this so-called slander of the chancellor. In an ironic twist of fate the West German litigation may dissuade the East German Government from prosecuting Biermann for the crime of publishing in West Berlin.

Biermann has become known in this country through the efforts of Eric Bentley, the Columbia University professor who did so much to create a university audience for Brecht, paving the way for Brecht's enormous influence on professional theatre. Bentley visited Biermann in his East Berlin home a short distance from the Wall, during the spring of 1965, and reported on his visit in *Partisan Review* the following winter. He recognized the young German balladeer as an extraordinarily gifted voice for the men in all countries who defy the established forces of oppression—

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Ballads by Wolf Biermann

Translated by ERIC BENTLEY

THE SONG OF THE WORST THING

Do you know the worst thing
In the life you live
Making you a lackey
Making you a slave
Well, my friend, the worst thing
Is that all of you
Tolerate injustice
Just as if it had to be.

Do you know the worst thing
About hypocrisy
Making you a fool, not
Letting you be free
Well, my friend, the worst thing
Is that all of you
Carelessly let fall
What's not so at all
Even though you know the truth.

In the life you live, I
Know what's worst for you:
When you are obedient
When you're tried and true . . .
Well, my friend, the worst thing
Is that any man
Who puts up with all things
Lives but is already through.

COMRADES, WHICH OF US WOULDN'T BE AGAINST WAR

But for
The gleam of Münzer's morning stars
Shining on the rebellious peasants
When they enlightened their tormentors
With a bloody light

But for
The good sound of Stalin's organs
When at Christmas time
They roared PEACE ON EARTH into
The frozen ears of Hitler's soldiers

But for
The elegance of automatic rockets
In Ho Chi Minh's skies
When, to the astonishing feats of engineering from Detroit,
They give an astonishing kiss

But for
The beauty of the machine gun
Over the shoulders of the guerrilla fighter
When he provides the Bolivian peasants
With telling arguments against their oppressors and
At long last they understand

And best of all but for
Police, armed against the people,
When they are swept along by the stream of the rebelling masses
And are drowning in the canyons of the streets
And at long long last they grab ahold
Not of their weapons but of
The rescuing hand of the unarmed.

HANNS EISLER, OR THE ANATOMY OF A SPHERE

Rare circumstance of a round human being!
Neither his tongue nor his brain showed any cleavage,
Nor was there any split in him between top and bottom.
Just where on other men's bodies you'd find a weak spot
Just where other men have got their backs broken
Arches powerfully forward his cheerful belly
And swings up and down in uproarious laughter
At stupidity in music, and not in music only.
Thus the big man spared us bigger words.

Marvelling still today we newcomers travel
Hither and yon over that tiny globe. O spherical
flatland,
Wondrous paradox! We never
Get to
The end.

DEVASTATING SIDE EFFECT OF THE VIETNAM WAR

You see it, that thing there, that war,
Throwing a long shadow across the world
Under whose protection certain people cheerfully
Go on murdering
Go on torturing
Go on lying

And where? Where, alas, is this lying, Comrades?
Where is this torturing?
Where even now this murdering?

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the war makers, the police, the racists, the censors, the bureaucrats and the industrialists. A shared devotion to Brecht undoubtedly encouraged their collaboration, as Bentley became Biermann's American translator and proxy performer. Bentley's book of translations, *The Wire Harp*, and his Broadside recording, "Bentley on Biermann," both came out in 1968. His performances at the YMHA and on radio station WBAI, this past year, and selections performed by the DMZ political cabaret have also offered us a taste of Biermann's talent. (See also the selections which appeared in *The Nation* of November 20, 1967.)

A Philips recording, "Wolf Biermann, Ost, zu Gast bei Wolfgang Neuss, West," and two records issued by Wagenbach, provide the only doorway through the Wall to Biermann's own voice and guitar accompaniment. His exuberant performances are astonishing in their range, agility and sensitivity. It is understandable that he has ignited the spirits of stifled young people in both Germanys; he satirizes the most fearful aspects of war and tyranny with an extravagance of imagination reminiscent of Swift or Rabelais. His lyrical moments of tenderness and sadness are no less stirring, in such songs as the lament for the Spanish Communist Julián Grimau, executed by Franco in 1963.

Biermann's foremost model is Brecht, for style, subjects and attitudes. Biermann writes in a colloquial, hard-knuckled, vibrantly physical German. Combining a taste for street ballads, beer-garden comedy, nursery rhyme and folk tale, the style itself laughs at the stuffy middle class and the *rigor mortis* of citizens who have lost all capacity for wit, love and play.

Biermann's "Legend of the Soldier in World War III" epitomizes his alchemical cunning in utilizing Brecht for his own highly original works. It is a sequel to Brecht's famous "Legend of the Dead Soldier," which tells how the Kaiser, in desperate need of soldiers at the end of the First World War, had a dead hero dug out of his grave and set to marching through Germany. Biermann's ballad reveals an imagination equal to the unimaginable, the nuclear apocalypse. He delivers the recitative passages, satirizing the atomic Armageddon, in a strident hammering style, dramatizing the noise of war and the loud anger of the militarists. He plays these passages off against lyrical interludes:

Now it is winter time
Long and broad evenings
Mourn in the snow.
While love lasts we shall find,
Karen, though cold the wind,
That all is well.
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

Biermann sees the earth, devastated by a third World War, as a "ship of death," "A round red sore." But images of horror give way to a mock apocalypse, typical of Biermann, when the hail of atomic rockets burns off the angels' wings and God's beard. Even the *souls* of men are annihilated, forcing the now beardless God to call off the Last Judgment.

In the "Ballad on the Poet François Villon," Biermann acknowledges another major influence on his poetry. (Carried in full in *The Nation*, November 20, 1967.) This ballad revels in the grotesque and the obscene, with a lack of restraint appropriate to its picaresque hero, Villon:

Die Eitelkeit der höchsten Herrn
Könnt meilenweit er riechen
Verewigt hat er manchen Arsch
In den er musste kriechen

The vanity of rulers had
For him a smell infernal.
Into some asshole he would creep
And then make it eternal
(Translated by Eric Bentley)

Villon, come back from the dead with none too sweet a smell, lives in Biermann's closet. When the border guards machine-gun him on his walks along the Wall, wine, not blood, floods from the French poet's bullet holes. At last the people's police come for Villon and the Biermann of the ballad denounces his friend, declaring his own lamblike loyalty to the regime. "I am a pious son of the church," he protests, assuring the police that he sings about nothing but flowers. But when he leads them to Villon's hiding place, they find only the 3 pounds of border-guard lead the Frenchman has vomited. Villon seems to represent the demon of imaginative and moral energy in Biermann which cannot be gunned down or imprisoned. In contrast the caricature of Biermann kowtowing to the cops mocks the party's demands that the satirist become a milquetoast. With this ironic self-portrait Biermann thumbs his nose at the bureaucrats who hope for his despair and silence.

In his new volume, *Mit Marx- und Engelszungen*, the mood has become somber. Moments of desolation or intense bitterness prevail. "Balancesheet Ballad in the Thirtieth Year" portrays the poet as cut off from all means of livelihood by the government. For Biermann at 30 both parts of Germany have become a rats' nest in which men sell themselves for Communist or capitalist money. The poem also reveals the struggle in Biermann between his passionate hope for a liberated, more humane communism and his somber vision of human history; revolts against despotic power in one generation after another fail under a barrage of shit, and come to nothing. "Balancesheet Ballad" focuses on his fear that the sturdy boat of his life has begun to rot from under him:

Jetzt hat mein schönes Boot ein Leck
Die Planken faulen langsam weg
Es tummeln sich, ich seh, mit Schreck
Die Haie unterm Kiele

Now my handsome boat has a leak
The planks all slowly rot away
There's a tumult, I see with dread
The sharks under the keel
(My translation)

Nonetheless, the ballad feeds our hopes that the sorcery of Biermann's wit and music will exorcise the sharks. For it ends with a resurgence of the poet's

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laughter, which has echoed in each chorus:

Und doch: Die Hundeblume blüht
Auch in der Regenpfütze
Noch lachen wir.

And yet: The dandelion blooms
Even in the rainpuddles
We're still laughing
(My translation)

Weimar Tragedy

WEIMAR GERMANY'S LEFT-WING INTELLECTUALS. *By Istvan Deak. University of California Press. 346 pp. $9.75.*

STEVEN WARNECKE
Mr. Warnecke has lectured at the Universities of Cologne and Frankfurt and the City University of New York on politics and literature. He is currently working on a study of German education, culture and politics.

The *Weltbühne*, the subject of Istvan Deak's study, was a crusading, Left-oriented journal published in Berlin from 1905 to 1933. If this journal has a claim to fame, it is because of the personalities and the pacifist writings of its most famous editors, Carl von Ossietzky and Kurt Tucholsky. Tucholsky, who left Germany for Paris in 1924, was noted for his incisive, epigrammatic style and his literary caricatures. Ossietzky, who received the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1936, was imprisoned under the Weimar Republic as a result of his courageous exposé of illegal military activities by the *Reichswehr*.

The journal attracted as its contributors a band of intellectuals, journalists and poets who were as consistent in avoiding party affiliation of any kind, as they were in opposing the revival of nationalism and authoritarianism during the 1920s in Germany. It became customary to call them *linke Intellektuellen*, or, in the more derogatory term of the conservative nationalists, "cultural Bolshevists." The journal itself was known as the periodical of the "homeless Left." Its contributors included: Heinrich Mann, Alfred Polgar, Erich Kaestner, Alfred Doeblin, Bertolt Brecht, Leonard Frank, Theodor Plievier, Rene Schickele, Lion Feuchtwanger, Ernst Toller, Arnold Zweig, Kurt Hiller and Walter Hasenclever.

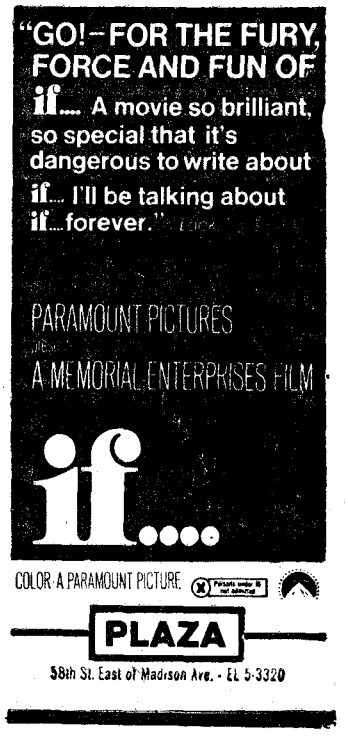
Mr. Deak's work supplies an excellent, straightforward account of the *Weltbühne* campaigns against nationalism, conservatism and fascism. These included a call for universal fraternity during World War I when nationalism was at its height; an intellectualized Socialist Republic during the "Revolution" of 1918-19; and friendship with France and a European federation at a time when German revanchism opposed the Treaty of Versailles as a *Diktat*, and successfully slandered Republican politicians with the "stab in the back" legend. In addition, the journal stood for two other extremely unpopular policies—for peace with Poland and against any secret military cooperation between the Soviet Union and the *Reichswehr*. The fall of the *Weltbühne* (as well as of Germany) is revealed in the journal's final crusade for Socialist unity against fascism from 1928 to 1932. From 1933 until 1939 the *Weltbühne* was published successively in Vienna, Prague and Sèvres near Paris. In 1946 it reappeared in East Berlin under the co-editorship of Ossietzky's widow and Hans Leonard, engaged in the ideological struggle between the German Democratic Republic and West Germany.

In his attempt to understand and to explain the motivations of the contributors to the *Weltbühne*, as well as their relation to Weimar politics, Deak continues several myths about Left-oriented intellectuals during this period of German history that have become incorporated into American historical scholarship.

He begins by rejecting the speculation that there was a spiritual affinity between "conservative revolutionaries" of the Right, and left-wing intellectuals, and correctly asserts that these groups differed in their conception of human nature, in their judgment of the perfectability and goodness of man, on the meaning of liberty, and on the possibility of a solution to men's problems. But he also claims that the radical intellectuals were children of the Enlightenment and of the French Revolution. He sees them as "true cosmopolitans" dreaming of a world where a combination of humanism, socialism and democracy would prevail in contrast to the Right which spurned such values as useless sentimentalities and glorified war as an act of purification. Finally, he contests the view which holds that this intellectual elite contributed to the demise of Weimar by intermittently deserting the Republic and consistently refusing to support one of the parties associated with it.

Unfortunately, Deak does not probe deeply enough into the motives of the *Weltbühne* contributors' professions of progressive, optimistic, democratic faith. "Those uneasy intellectuals, that interstitial group between bourgeoisie and proletariat," who suffered from an unending sense of alienation and lack of identity, were much more a part of German culture than Deak is prepared to admit. An examination, for instance, of the effect of the depersonalization, hysteria and despair of the Expressionist movement through which many of them passed before they espoused some form of socialism, would be most revealing. The admission of such a connection might however tarnish "the cultural brilliance and vitality of the Weimar period" for which Deak believes these left-wing intellectuals were largely responsible, since it could show that the motivation that led so many of them to embrace Socialist utopianism was not a simple belief in justice, humanity and peace but was also derived from an urgent necessity to overcome the general chaos and degeneration which they felt in themselves as well as in the culture. Unlike their contemporaries on the Right, who willingly embraced philosophies of cultural despair, they attempted both to hide and to overcome morbid impulses in themselves and their time, by turning to politics through an unsystematic appropriation of Marxism. Thus their Marxism was a counterimage and counterbalance to their own sense of imminent decline, as well as a manifestation of their symbiotic relation to the Right.

The same problem exists in the relationship of their ideals, which were general and abstract, to the political reality of Weimar. Because Deak limits his discussion of their individual campaigns, they appear more pragmatic than they really were. He thus excludes the extent to which notions of moral and spiritual regeneration, individual and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collective salvation, and perhaps an unconfessed or unconscious yearning for charismatic leadership infused their ideals. Their interest in politics, as well as their goals, were not dictated by, nor did they lead to, a political pragmatism. Motivated by apolitical cultural and spiritual concerns, their ideological politics, with the contradiction between its pessimistic base and progressive and optimistic superstructure, contributed in its own way to the decline of Weimar, as much as did the attacks of the Right on the Republic. Those among them who were more pragmatic retreated into a sniping attack (from the negative perspective of the *Kulturkritiker*) on the "Republic of lost opportunities"—without any real belief in the future.

Deak appears to be attempting to free this group of intellectuals from complicity in the decline of the Weimar Republic. But by accepting the validity of their ideology, he is prevented from eliciting the full range of complex and contradictory motivations that drove them *into* politics, as well as the depth and nuances of their ambivalent relationship *to* politics. The unfortunate result of excluding these elements is not that the humane values of the Left are discredited or condemned but that the full tragedy of Weimar remains hidden.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

1776 at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre is a fine and dandy show. Credit for this must go, in the first place, to Sherman Edwards who conceived the idea of making a musical of the contest, composition and signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was aided by Peter Stone's shrewdly crafted "book," discreetly spiced with sure-fire ingredients of sexual allusion and political joshing, around which floats an aura of residual patriotic sentiment.

It has been expertly directed by Peter Hunt, a gifted newcomer in the field, who knows how to stage the mixture like a legitimate play. Everything is done with the dispatch of musical comedy convention without ever appearing conventional. And Jo Mielziner has done his best settings in years: unostentatiously handsome, efficient, dignified. His lighting too glows beautifully in soft amber. The production benefits from Patricia Zipprodt's admirable costumes, which avoid calling attention to themselves as special attractions.

Though rarely little better than serviceably bright—with some occasional strain—Mr. Edwards' songs fit neatly into the dramatic context.

The fourth and longest scene of the show is the most accomplished. Here the Continental Congress comes on stage for the first time, the representatives of the thirteen states and their aides in full session. The atmosphere is sticky with heat; there is a pestilence of flies. The delegates are impatient, disgruntled, formally polite with old-time colonial manners which fail to conceal a native crudity that is appealing in its rough humor, earthy spontaneity, unbuttoned forthrightness. We recognize the division and tension of special interests, the Tory recalcitrance to yield to the pressure of the libertarians, the fumbling maneuvers, the obtuseness and chicanery, as well as the downright orneriness of all such conclaves.

Each personage is nicely delineated: Stephen Hopkins, the unreconstructed Yankee villager from Rhode Island who at every turn clamors for rum; John Adams, the voluble and fiery partisan of freedom for the new nation; the genial sophistication of Benjamin Franklin's diplomacy; the decorum of the Reverend Witherspoon of New Jersey; the embarrassed hesitancy of Morris from New York; the baffled timidity of Philadelphia's James Wilson; the haughty aristocracy of John Dickinson, spearhead of the conservatives who insist that "independency" is treason.

If only that scene had been all. But the show goes on with further condiments and charms. There is little that is "bad" in what follows; still as the show progressed I experienced churlish misgivings. I was surprised, almost shocked, to feel something like irritation with the entire occasion. Why, I wondered, should this be so when almost every episode contained some particular pleasantry. Somewhere in the smooth proceedings, I felt, there must be some sort of "swindle."

There is a smugness in *1776*. Its Americanism is complacently synthetic. It is pitted with raisins of such quasi-Shavian epigrams as "Treason is a charge invented by winners as an excuse for hanging the losers." There is a sprinkling of facile witticisms for immediate home consumption about Congress in general and the absurd niggling of the New York legislature. The hypocrisy of the North with regard to slavery is exposed melodramatically in a number called *Molasses, to Rum, to Slaves*, and with levity when Adams says: "If we give in on slavery here there will be trouble in this country a hundred years hence—posterity will never forgive us," to which Franklin replies: "That is possibly true. But we won't hear a thing—we'll be gone."

I appreciate the line, "Revolution comes into the world like bastard children, half improvised, half compromised." But with all this, we find Jefferson burning to get back to his wife and spending nights and days in bed with her instead of getting to work on the draft of the Declaration. This annoys John Adams, who sings to him, "Mr. Jefferson, dear Mr. Jefferson, I'm only forty-one, I still have my virility but life's more than sexual combustibility." While the teasing and gushing ribaldry takes care of one phase of a musical's requirements, Adams' attachment to his wife takes care of another: the domestic-romantic. To mellow it all a Drummer Boy's song *Momma, Hey Momma*, is insufferable in its banality.

The delectable contemporaneity of the show for the audience is evidenced by the first yak of the evening when the silliness of the Congressional goings-on is punctuated by someone muttering, "Sweet Jesus!" In short, nothing is conveyed that will in the least disturb the hazy, lazy view of anything in our past or present, or be incompatible with the comfort and expense of a night out at $15 a throw.

The cast is first rate. I especially liked David Ford's solid John Hancock, the

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anchor of good sense at the Convention, an effortless performance without a false note; Paul Hecht's polished Dickinson; Roy Poole's tart Rhode Islander. Howard da Silva's Franklin is oily rather than crisp, but technically altogether deft and effective. Clifford David's Rutledge is forceful but because of the song itself or from his anxiety to make it rousingly memorable, he renders the Rum-Molasses-Slaves "waltz" like an operatic ham.

The most generally admired performance is that of William Daniels as John Adams, the story's central figure. Daniels is an intelligent and eminently engaging actor (he was very fine in *The Zoo Story*), but the nearly apoplectic and supposedly spiky Adams is repeatedly referred to as "objectionable and disliked" which was historically the case. Franklin once described him as "sometimes mad." There is hardly a trace of anything like this in Daniels' nature or characterization. He is actually sweet. This sweetness is emblematic of the basic tone of the whole evening; a gruff, hard-bitten Puritan is embodied as an ardent, clean-cut college boy. Perhaps characterization in a musical isn't supposed to conform to the sense of the text? And if the composer or vocal coach doesn't come to his aid, Daniels will soon damage his throat as he struggles with the vehemence of *Is Anybody There? Does Anybody Care?*

Life today is extremely crass and the public harbors a nostalgia for a waning idealism. Thus *1776* is a great and merited hit. It serves our audience as an American "legend" somewhat in the way *Fiddler on the Roof* is a Jewish one, *Man of La Mancha* a "universal" one. I recall a respected New York reviewer who spoke of Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures* as the equivalent of the *Divine Comedy*, and it too was a smash. *Vox populi*. . . !

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The work of Henri-Georges Clouzot (*Le Corbeau, Wages of Fear, Diabolique*) is commonly termed sadistic, but I've been oppressed for some time by the sense that it lacks the ingratiating sincerity of the half-mad Marquis. The pictures exploit a show-business perversity, more Grand Guignol than genuinely subversive.

Now with *La Prisonnière*—a little *Blow-Up*, a little *Belle de Jour*, and lashings of Op art and psychedelic film shenanigans—the shopkeeper is plainly to be seen behind Clouzot's warlock pose. In addition, he has turned sentimental—which de Sade did not; his vice was sermonizing. The sweetness, I grant, is sufficiently painful, but perhaps not so intended.

A girl named José (Elisabeth Wiener) is pleasantly shacked up with Gilbert, a successful *avant*-commercial artist (Bernard Fresson), but during a domestic spat allows the director of his gallery (Laurent Terzieff) to show her some color slides. Amidst a series on penmanship, demonstrating how celebrated writers differed in their ways of forming such words as "*rien*" and "*etre*," there appears the shot of a nude girl, folded up like a bundle and wrapped in chains. José, an innocent girl, finds herself deeply moved by this fairly stock item of exotica, and begins to haunt Stanislaus the dealer, who has Slavic features and the sleekly impassive manners of a well-trained butler. She is soon stripped and cavorting for his photographic pleasure in an ambiguously debasing way with another girl (who at least gets paid for the work).

The trouble with Stanislaus, as you may have guessed, is impotence; but José thinks she has a cure for that, and during a rainy weekend at the shore it appears for a time that she is right. For a few hours, Stanislaus is as happy as a kid with a new toy, jumping out of bed to play gymnastic hide-and-seek among the picturesque fishing hulls drawn up on the beach. Then, alas, he discovers a postcard José has written to a friend, announcing the good news, and flees back to Paris and his strobe lights.

Gilbert tries to kill Stanislaus, but is put off by the latter's shrewd cooperation; and José, having lost the attention of both gents, parks herself on the railroad tracks. In the last scene, Gilbert stands by her hospital bed and allows her to think him Stanislaus, that she may regain the will to survive. This proves that true, manly love is deeper than kinky kicks, and sent me home in morose suspicion that I had been bamboozled.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The twenty years in which New York became the center of art dealing have coincided with a persistent discontent among artists at showing in galleries. I am talking about aesthetics, not economics or politics: the uncertainty about the presentation of some forms of art in galleries. We have come a long way from Ambroise Vollard's sanguine reaction on seeing a Cézanne in Père Tanguy's color shop: "How nice it must be to be a picture dealer. Spending one's life among beautiful things like that." And, at about the same time, Pissarro wrote to his son about the show of Monet's Rouen Cathedral paintings at Durand-Ruel: "I would so have liked you to see the whole series in a group, for I find in it the same unity which I have been seeking for a long time." The size of the group, exhibited simultaneously, matched the gallery's capacity exactly.

The present uneasiness has no simple cause or solution, formed as it is by a mix of technical and aesthetic factors. What some of these are can be seen by reference to recent presentations by New York galleries. Oyvind Fahlstrom's show at Janis consisted notably of pools of water in which his cutout and vividly painted or ready-made images drifted or bobbed, stuck together or thinned out. The problem of variable relationships that earlier he handled with magnets beneath movable figures, has been brilliantly solved by the use of water. It provides a completely unresistant horizontal plane on which it is impossible to arrest the figures in set places. However, the largest pool, about 18 x 9 feet, and 20 inches deep, was cordoned off, seen only from the door, a frustration with such complex and detailed work as Fahlstrom's. The gallery's desire to keep the public from dabbling defeated proper viewing facilities.

Charles Ross showed three giant prisms of plexiglass filled with white mineral oil; the crystalline planes and the con-

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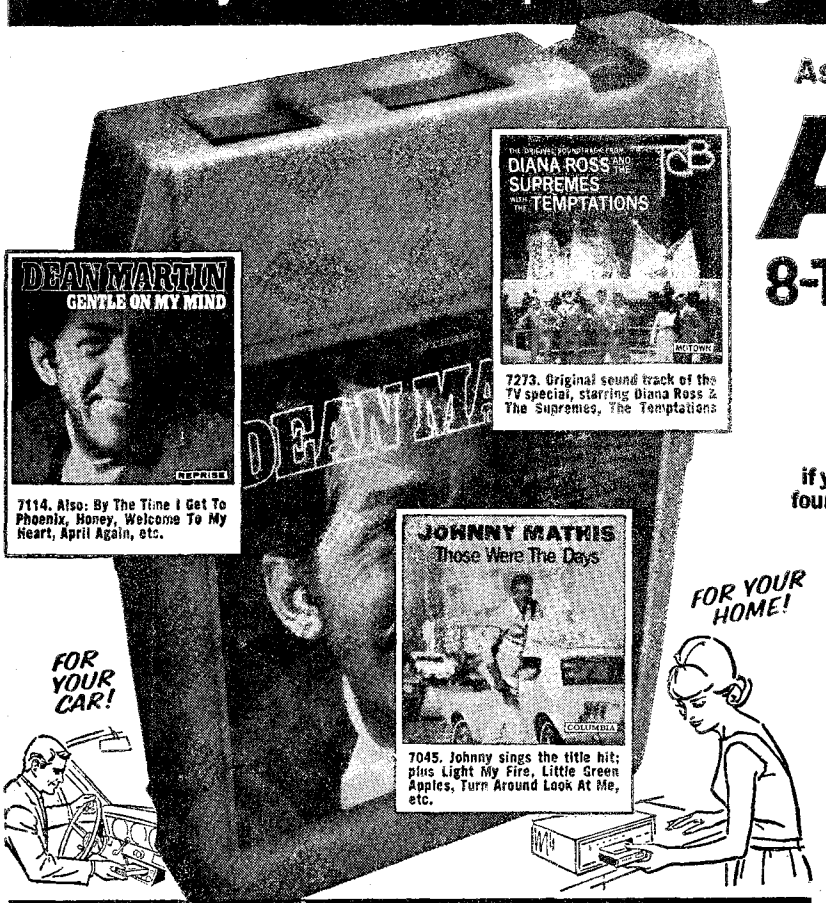

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tained transparent liquid transformed and warped the images of the spectators. The space of the Dwan Gallery is handsome, but it failed to provide the prisms with, as it were, enough scenic incident to reflect and refract. To compensate for this the artist showed photographs of works in other settings to indicate their responsiveness to the environment. The expedient, however, did not prevent the structures from being slightly starved by the white, loftlike place. Problems in the display of large works, of soft material, of scattered parts, have led both Richard Feigen and Leo Castelli to show art in warehouses, as well as in their regular gallery space.

Works of art that are nonrigid, diffuse, participatory or extensive, definitely strain gallery resources. Lila Katzen's "Moon Markers" at the Loeb Student Center (which can be counted as a gallery for this purpose) is an example of the latter. An aggregate of plastic forms, hard and soft, mineral objects, blown-up overviews of the moon, and a system of yellow and ultraviolet light made a lyrically glowing ambience. The arrangement of the elements had endless possibilities, because the total configuration, of linked, clustered and overlapping forms, supports random patterns of display.

Happenings signaled the pressure of art to extend beyond its spatial definition and its compact forms. Allan Kaprow saw the situation as a battle of old and new because the new open-ended work of art "fits uncomfortably within the glaring geometry of the gallery box." Claes Oldenberg corroded the art/gallery tie-up another way in his Ray Gun Manufacturing Company in the early sixties. "This store will be constantly supplied with new objects which I will create out of plaster and other materials in the rear half of the place. The objects will be for sale in the store." Thus Oldenberg usurped, anyway temporarily, the distribution function of the gallery.

Oldenberg's work could be bought right where it was made. As a combination of studio and retail outlet, the store was an act of intimacy toward the spectator (see it where it was made) and of prolonged control of his art by the artist. He was spared the protracted shifts of meaning and of competitive interpretations to which exhibited work is inevitably subject in a public place. His gesture has been picked up (though in a practical spirit, without Oldenberg's ironic play with the threshold of art and commerce) by the enterprise "10 Downtown," started last year. Ten artists without galleries are opening their studios on three weekends: April 19-20, 26-27 and May 3-4 (for information call CA 6-5304). Sociability in the form of studio visits is a good way to introduce new or neglected artists to an audience, but in this form it cannot replace full-time galleries with back-up resources.

In Ross's case, documentation provided contextual information about his sculpture, but there is also art that exists only in its documentation or in verbal form. The current example of this is "One Month," an exhibition (booklet) arranged by Seth Siegelaub (1100 Madison Avenue), which consists of the answers to letters sent to thirty-one artists (one for every day of the month) inviting them to participate: "kindly confine your replies to just verbal information." Robert Morris sent a telegram with the instruction "use this," and Lawrence Weiner's reply was, "An object tossed from one country to another." To those who think that such art has shrunk below the level of judgment, I would like to point out that Morris' injunction is an allusion to a gesture of Robert Rauschenberg, stating that a telegram was a portrait if he said it was; and suggest that this is Weiner's best idea to date (see his book, "Statements," also published by Siegelaub, for others).

John Gibson has an office rather than a gallery (27 East 67 Street) where he shows "Projects for Commissions." He argues that galleries cannot exhibit the work of artists who work outdoors on a big scale. That there is an expanded sense of scale and of place, working together, is undeniable, whether it takes the form of mapping and soil samples (Robert Smithson) or holes in the ground (Michael Heizer). Gibson, handling projects rather than finished works, Siegelaub handling aphoristic or propositional forms of art, share an assumption about art as a transmittable commodity. Art is a process that does not necessarily issue in objects. In addition, the kind of search behavior embodied in sketches can also be coded, in optional visual displays or in words. To the extent that an artist is working with sign systems he is making the Vollardesque life of the happy dealer among beautiful objects harder. The dealer is handling coded information rather than precious things.

All this does not, in my view, amount to an ultimate situation in which, as so many times before, art as object is to be buried or transcended. It is, however, a very real problem of distribution and, as such, is a pressure on gallery resources. There are certainly forms of conceptual and environmental art which exist most fully either in note form or at the site. That is to say, as document or as irreducible presence, and galleries cannot do much to display such work within the canon of authenticity which is their main source of money. On the other hand, the system of distribution of art which the galleries represent seems basically intact and the fact that some kinds of art elude display does not mean galleries are obsolescent. The techniques by which art *objects* are sold can also be applied to the thoughts or the services of the artist.

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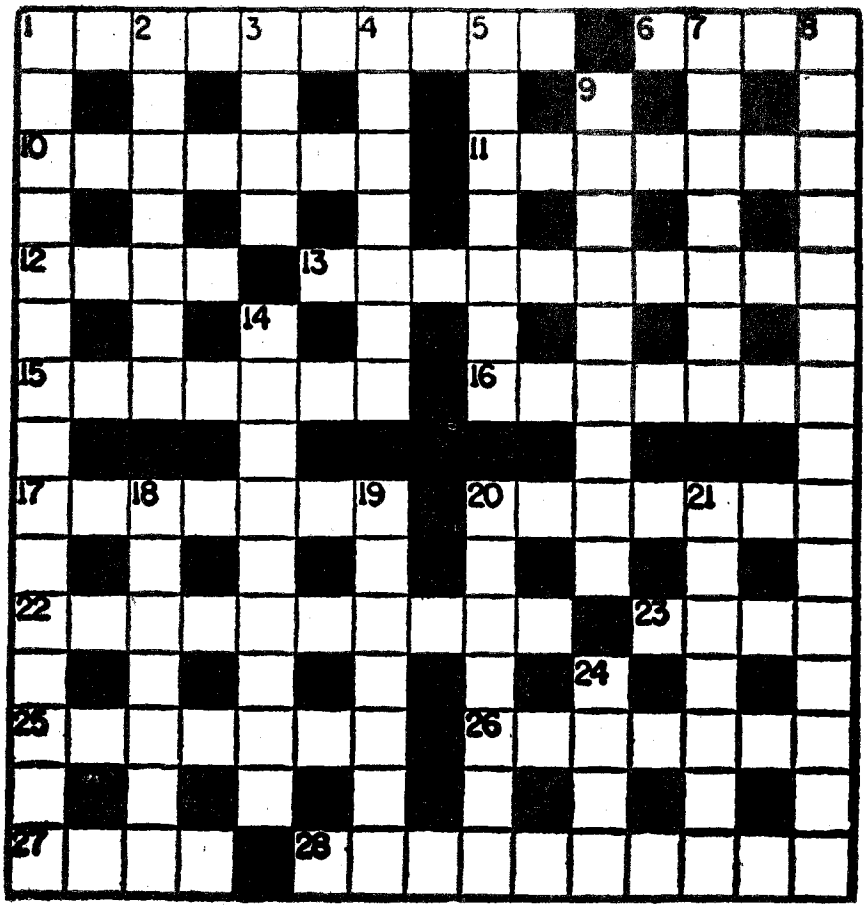

ACROSS

1 Shakespeare's "Henry VI"? At least one is probably caught off base with it! (6,4)
6 Non-union hack, headed south? (4)
10 Stores in town? (7)
11 You've got a point there, Reverend! (7)
12 and 24 down Pressing business at the front gate, perhaps. (8)
13 The type of 1 across that is 27? (10)
15 One might want more so. (7)
16 Bill was met by an early American, possibly. (7)
17 Heeding what Dobbin did? (7)
20 Flowers with 3 had an enchanting effect. (7)
22 Toward the heart, the French speak extravagantly in a one-sided way. (10)
23 An indication of the type not to be altered? (4)
25 Get thin, if you want to secure something. (7)
26 Might provide accommodation to wages, in a way. (7)
27 Seldom considered other than well done.
28 Dress circles? One might have seen them in the theater some time ago. (10)

DOWN

1 An example of pride, not unseasonable as stage fare. (3,4,2,6)
2 Better make the spirit wander! (7)
3 Obviously not the true role of learning. (4)
4 Less complicated carpenter's tool, by the sound of it. (7)
5 They might help you make out as part of the team. (7)
7 Head money? (7)
8 Capable of producing everything Omar needed to go with his verses? (10,5)
9 Current social phenomena suggest current controls. (9)
14 Served on Friday, passed over by the dining car. (9)
18 Latin lives in college song preceded by this for one or two as an example. (7)
19 A Mexican 7 down, with the letters around G. (7)
20 Hooks, even for the rising golfer? (5,2)
21 The emperor seems to have a quantity of head covering! (7)
24 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1291

ACROSS: 1 Lower the boom; 10 Avenges; 11 Insular; 12 Notch; 13 Countries; 14 Needlessly; 16 Ague; 20 Astringent; 23 Fantastic; 25 Track; 26 Customs; 27 Sundial; 28 Prepossessed. DOWN: 2 and 18 Over the hill; 3 Eggshell; 4 Test cases; 5 Elihu; 6 Onsets; 7 Milling; 8 Rain-in-the-face; 9 Dressed to kill; 15 Lyricists; 17 Instants; 19 Lines up; 21 Evasive; 22 Parole; 24 Tasso.

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